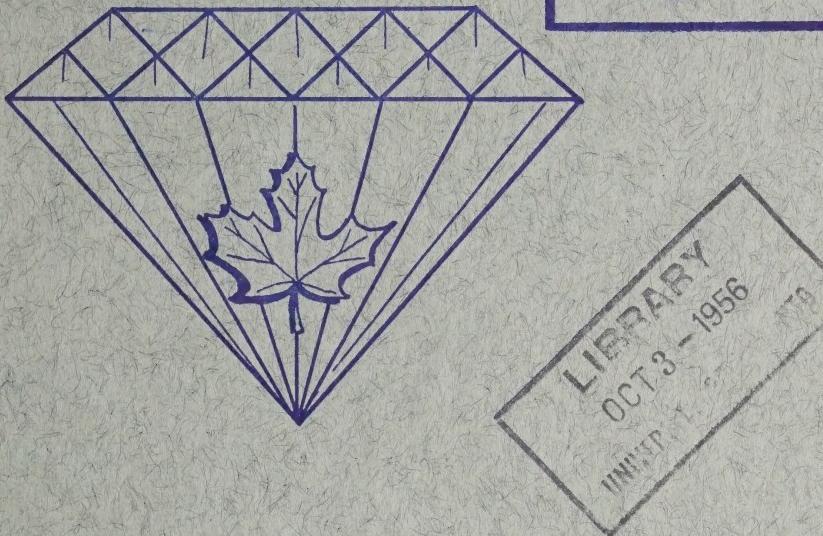


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A Favour Hanging

A Helping Hand

The Case For Parole

Editorial

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THE DIAMOND
Collin's Bay, Ontario, Canada.
(Mailing Address: Box 190, Kingston,
Ontario, Canada)

FOUNDED A.D. MCMLI
MOTTO: PRISONERS ARE PEOPLE.

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— POLICY —

Contributions published herein under a man's name, pseudonym, or other identifying allusion, are accepted in good faith as products of his own thought and initiative.

Barring inadvertencies, a quoted or paraphrased article or poem is ascribed to its writer or source.

The publication of an individual's ideas on penal reform and controversial or policy matters is not intended to be inferred by the reader as being tantamount to endorsement by the DIAMOND Editorial Staff or by Officials of the Department of Justice. The Editorial Staff of the DIAMOND take the democratic stand that every man's constructive ideas command respect and consideration, whether or not those opinions are popular.

Without official interference, the DIAMOND is written, edited, and managed by the men of Collin's Bay Penitentiary, with the permission of Major-General Ralph B. Gibson, C.B., C.B.E., V.D., Q.C., LL.D., Commissioner of Penitentiaries, and with the sanction of Colonel Victor S.J. Richmond, the Penitentiary Warden.

Uncredited items have been composed by the Editor. Except for quotations, all material in this magazine is written exclusively by prisoners.

— PLATFORM —

1. To inspire and cultivate moral and intellectual improvement amongst the men of Collin's Bay Penitentiary.
 2. To aid in overcoming the arbitrary bias which is one of the numerous "bars sinister" to a wayward man's redemption.
 3. To discuss progressive and revolutionary penological data, without recourse to partiality, favour or affection.
 4. To evince Stoicism and humour, to the end that light shall obtain even in darkness.
 5. To elicit the support of Society in welcoming the return of a man from prison who needs help and who is genuinely desirous of seeking his reformation in the highly competitive life of the free world.
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COLLIN'S BAY

DIAMOND

MAY

WORDS OF WISDOM

.The skilful and unremitting use of propaganda can persuade the majority of people that Heaven is Hell or, conversely, that the most miserable existence is paradise.

..... A Philosopher

ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL (Roman Catholic)

Reverend Felix M. Devine, S.J.

Confessions followed by Holy Communion on Sundays, commencing at 7:30 a.m. The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass at 9:00 a.m. on Sundays.

ST. JOHN'S CHAPEL (Protestant)

Reverend Canon Minto Swan,
M.A., B.D., E.D.

Divine service each Sunday, commencing at 8:15 a.m. Voluntary service once every two months.

MUSIC

Mr. Harry Birchall directs the choir and provides accompaniment on the electric organ in both churches.

OTHER DENOMINATIONS

Major William Mercer of the Salvation Army conducts weekly bible classes in the Protestant Chapel and officiates periodically at the Protestant Church Services. Rabbi Pimontel arranges spiritual and moral guidance for men of the Jewish faith.



WORDS OF WISDOM

Believe in your own nation, religion, family and personalities, but do not try to force them down the other fellow's throat. He is entitled to keep his own opinions.

..... A Philosopher

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To Mother

A Dedication

Bill Jones

THE month of May is traditionally that one in which we celebrate Mother's Day, and a happy choice of month it is. Behind us are those seemingly endless days of plodding through snow and slush, sleet and rain, loaded down with heavy clothes and going about bound up like mummies with only a nose showing, too hot today, too cold tomorrow — fed to the teeth with change. Now, at last, May is here. We don't know just when or how it happened, but we suddenly notice that today, and yesterday — and even the day before — have all been fine and sunny. We see that the grass is greening and the trees are in bud, the sky is clear and the air is soft. No need now to wonder about tomorrow. Spring is here, and we are free! We stop to give thanks for all the loveliness we see around us, and reverently pay tribute to the most beautiful creation of all — Mother.

*In every language spoken,
In any clime or sphere,
Mother stands for love, undying—
So strong, so true, so dear.*

Let us all go back to our first memories. Remember when "Mom" used to get us out of bed and dress us? When she took us down to breakfast and fed us? When she kept us at her side as she hustled about the hundred and one things she did in the day? And when at night she bathed us, heard our prayers, and stayed with us until we went to sleep? Oh yes, we remember — we were her first concern in the morning, her last at night. Was it ever any different with Mom? Let us come ahead a few years.

We are now in High School, the captain of the football team. The pennant has been clinched and we are to make a speech at the sports banquet. That is really something, and we are highly excited. But just a minute — how about the old blue suit — is it clean, and pressed? "Hey Ma, how about my suit — the blue one — did you press it?" No, Mom hadn't pressed it. Holy smoke, what had happened — Mom never forgot anything like that. "Hey Ma,

what am I going to do — you knew the dinner was on Friday, and this is Wednesday?" Mom had the answer. She knew the banquet was on Friday but she had just "discovered" she had a little money put away for this special occasion. "Gee, thanks Mom, you're always thinking of me". Yes, Mom was still thinking of us — first.

The years pass. New Faces appear, new friends: new pleasures are enjoyed, new places. The pace accelerates. Tomorrow becomes today, today yesterday — and yesterday is yesteryear. We had arrived, we are established. Financially and socially we are secure. The very act of living takes up all our time — we cannot pause. Now an old friend appears. Greetings are exchanged, the latest news, the latest stories. And then—"say Joe, how's your mother?" Just fine, we reply, and guiltily remember it is quite a while since we answered the last letter — no, the last two! Oh well, Mom will understand — we'll drop a line to her tonight. But we forget — we have drifted away.

More years pass. Success has gone, and with it, friends. Trouble has come, we are alone. Now we have time, lots of time: time to think, time to remember: time to write that letter we forgot — to Mom. But what can we say, how can we tell her, how will she feel? With dragging pen the letter is written, the tale unfolded, the failure revealed. With heavy heart we send it on its way. Then we wait — and wonder. Has Mom forgotten? We don't wait long — the morrow brings a wire — "I love you — signed — Mom,

No, we should not have ever worried, ever wondered — Mother has been there, always understanding, always forgiving, always loving, since before we could remember. In happy times she laughs with us, when misfortune strikes she sorrows: she is proud in our achievement and consoling in our loss: she always has a word of comfort and a nod of approval: she meets misfortune with a smile and

often drops a tear with joy: when we merit admonition she is silent, when we rave and shout with anger she is softly reproving. There is nobody just like Mom.

Once again we have the chance to let her know that we think of her, and love her. It doesn't matter if we forgot yesterday, or last week, or last year — that is done and gone — but let us do it now — on her day. She doesn't look for some costly gift or a long speech of praise: do it simply, earnestly, tenderly—with

a word, a smile, a kiss. That is all she wants. She is Mom. Remember —

*When proud with triumph, loud and bold,
"Be not too vainful" we are told.*

*When bowed by anguish, grief or shame,
She's quick to comfort, slow to blame.
Through long, long years, although forsaken,
Her faith in us is never shaken.*

*She's constant, loving — like none other,
To you, to me — to all — our Mother.*

-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-

Our Bill

The Marshall

With each and every load of fish (new men) entering good old C B. we run across a character. About two loads ago we found a gold mine on two legs, breathing normal, but in need of a strict diet of mashed potatoes. The Diamond had been looking for a good office man and fast typist. A few weeks ago, in the Change Room, I spotted a very refined, rotund (not obese) smiling individual. After about 4000 words I knew we had our typist, office-man and writer. Upon asking his name he said "Bill Jones". I immediately went to the files, only to find he did really belong to the Jones family. To do this thing up in short pants (my blood pressure, you know) Bill Jones was requested to appear at the Diamond office to meet the Editor, Charlie Downs. Upon entering the Editor's office in company of Bill for introduction purposes, the Bull of Pampas looked up, saw Bill, then looked at me, saying "On yur way, Kweerie, attend to your Kampus".

I had been at my desk some time when I heard the following. The Editor, in his most pleasing Spanish, "Buenos Dias, Buenos Dias Senor Jones, and how is the world using you?" Bill replied "It isn't and it better not try. My psychiatrist told me I should be more wrapped up in the intangibles of life, but I couldn't find any. Not even in the Change Room — at least not my size".

"Stop! cried our Editor — "You're as out of breath as the Associate Editor. By the way, how come you know shorthand?"

"I don't" said Bill — "at least I don't think I do. I've never tried. Is it hard?"

"Look" said the old Ed. sternly "have you no qualms about this writing job on the Diamond?"

"Me? Qualms? echoes our obese red-haired friend — "I never did care for qualms — even in qualm chowder. As for the mortality of my conduct — just use your own lack of judgement, I alwas say".

Where would Marie Antoinette have been if Sir Walter Blackburn hadn't spread his cloak over the muddle puddle at the Woodbine to step on and keep her feet dry? What would have happened to Barbara Ann Scott if they had gone and shot that old gray head instead of sparing their country's flag, he said? Just where would Marilyn Monroe have ended up if she hadn't swum the English Channel with the breast stroke? Oh yes, Editor Downs, old dear, there are many other historical examples I could mention, like Desdemona with wet hankies when she said "the Kerchief must not wring tonight." The door was then quietly closed, shutting out the chatter.

So back to my Kampus Kweeries. The boys around here have been sending in some real toughies lately, for example "I see by the papers there are no such things as flying saucers, after all, so I might as well throw away all those old cups I've been saving".

P.S. Bill just came out of the T.R.E's (The Ravine Editor) office with a long face. Very sympathetically, and in a low voice, I said "Tough luck". Bill's reply was pointing at the Editor's door. "He said he didn't give a continental, and I hadn't even asked him for one; in fact I'd be perfectly satisfied with a Cadillac extrovertible".

Well, folks, that's Our Bill: more about him when he goes off his diet. Now I must go back to work. Bill's nice, though, and I am sure you will enjoy his writings. The Editor, Charlie Downs, adores him, and says such cute things to Bill. 'Bye now.



Editorial

Hope



HOPE, to a man serving time, is, in many instances, the only steady influence in his daily existence. There must be well-founded hope for him to go from day to day during his term of incarceration.

Many men build their hope on dreams, dreams very much like the Meccano sets we used in our childhood — meccano-like inasmuch as they may be enlarged or made smaller depending on the imprisoned man's mood at the moment.

Letters play a large role in keeping a man's hopes alive: they are the nourishment that expectations thrive on. The man who is in receipt of bi-weekly understanding and encouraging letters is indeed blessed. By this means the outside is brought much nearer to him and the feeling of living on an isolated island is lessened to a great degree.

So much for hope and the type of mail to keep it alive. There is another, more salient factor this time: not minutes, hours, days or weeks but the more solid measurement, years. Remember the length of time from your son's birth until the great day he began school? Five years was it not? Five years of your salary, another five years of reducing that mortgage. Just pause a moment and think of what can happen in this length of time, merely half a decade.

What, you wonder, is all this building up to? The word hope re-enters the scene, this time in a heavy part. We are convinced after spending over a year in a penitentiary, that sentences must be carryable, the man who has been found guilty must be able to bear the burden of time levied on him.

Now this can be applied two ways: the youthful offender's sentence must be sensible. It must be of a nature to give him hope, and at the same time straighten his path. The time given in the case of a young offender must be just — nothing top-heavy — for a heavy sentence tends to embitter a man and leaves him in the frame of mind whereby he intends to be compensated by society on his release.

The middle-aged transgressor's sentence should be of an amount that will allow his return to society to re-build his life. Again, in this age bracket, too much time will leave a man with the feeling "I may as well go all out on my release, I haven't much time left to make a pile of money."

Time, if figured in a comparative way — one mile to be the equivalent of a year in time and you envision in your mind's eye a tunnel stretching twenty-eight miles in a straight line — will give you some idea of how a teen-ager felt when he was given a sentence of twenty-eight years. Time, like miles, can be lost in the curve of space. Two years would have accomplished just as much, we feel sure, and made just as much impression on the youthful mind as the cumbersome, ungainly and, if we might add, foolish term. He could no more see the end of that sentence than you could ever hope to see daylight at the other end of your imagined tunnel. Can you imagine how hopeful a teen-age lad would feel about a sentence like this? And he went into court without a lawyer, too. In our minds this is as serious as a layman operating on himself for appendicitis! To perform an appendectomy on himself would be taking his life in his own hands,

yet this lad, unschooled in law tactics, was allowed to face a court and draw MORE than a life sentence. Or is our comparison out of line? But there we are — for a crime that in some parts of Canada a reformatory term would be meted out, or at most a two-year penitentiary term, here a youth was given what amounted to MORE than a life term. His FIRST OFFENCE, too!

Can you imagine what hope a man would have, overburdened with this sort of top-heavy time to serve? Some outlook — into penitentiary in his youth and release in middle age — fully institutionalized and twenty years behind the times: out of step with outside society but fully indoctrinated in the latest in criminal activities. Of course, he may have been a superhuman individual and kept to himself.

However, this type of sentence is the exception and not the rule. Occasionally a mistake is made — this everyone will agree to — but what can a man do when he is the victim of such a frightening and horrible blunder? First, he is permitted to appeal if he has the money and a lawyer, but if the Appeal Court upholds the sentence, what now? This is where the Remissions Branch enters the picture.

When an inmate reaches the half-way mark in his sentence, he is permitted to write for a Ticket-of-Leave. But — and it is a very big BUT — a man must have one-half of his sentence in BEFORE he can apply for a ticket. A man doing ten years must have served five before he is permitted to apply for a ticket and, as it should be, there is no guarantee that he will make the desired ticket — or as many refer to it — parole. So, as a man doing ten years must serve five, the man doing twenty-eight years must do — just think of it — FOURTEEN YEARS! Even then there is a doubt that he will be released conditionally or not. A long stretch, isn't it? Believe us when we say that even the minimum sentence in a penitentiary can be a long time — two years of a man's freedom can be dreary and desolate, away from his loved ones.

So much for the Ticket-of-Leave explanation: we have a suggestion to put forth. As humans are involved there are bound to be mistakes and discrepancies in the levying of sentences. We choose to believe that many judges and magistrates are swayed from their usual fair outlook by, in many cases, "public feeling." We shall give a hypothetical case. A medium-sized city has had an outbreak of crime — many business places have been broken into, many homes burglarized, and a real wild-west display of holdups. The press of the city is screaming, not only for the apprehension of the vandals, but for an example to be made of the culprits when they are captured. So it comes to pass: the men are arrested, convicted, and, smarting under public needling, the magistrates hand out terribly severe sentences. Has justice been done? Is the method of forcing magistrates and judges, by application of public pressure, to give inhuman sentences, proper — or humane? In the same vein, if a man has no legal advice and is unaware of the time limit on appeals and therefore fails to appeal, what then? Comes a real merry-go-round: the Remissions Service refers the man to the Appeal Court and the Appeal Court refers him back to the Remissions Service: finally everyone ends up by saying "the judge must have known what he was doing when he sentenced the man."

To get back to our suggestion: we have in mind a Board of Review. This is how we feel it could work. A Board of Review could be set up, composed of three senior and well-founded judges, to review each case where a reasonable doubt exists as to the time being too heavy. Or, in the case of a man having appeared in court without benefit of counsel. Again, this Board of Review could be brought into use where, either through ignorance or lack of knowledge, a man has failed to appeal. A fourth member of this Board could be the investigating officer, or referee, as you may choose to call it, to pass judgment whether a case has review merit or not.

This Board of Review would act in two ways: it would prevent an injustice being done to many offenders and would also correct severe sentences in a way that would not offend the sentencing judges or magistrates. After all, for centuries the Chinese have believed in "saving face." We feel this Board of Review should be put into gear one year after a man has begun his sentence: at this time public opinion has cooled out and the administration of whatever institution to which the man has been committed has had a chance to observe and form an opinion of his character, and are in a position to present to the Board of Review his conduct sheet and work habits. It would then be at the discretion of the Board to decide whether the sentence should stand or be reduced in the light of all facts viewed dispassionately. Another thought that comes

I FAVOR HANGING

Bill Jones

*"A little nonsense, now and then,
Is relished by the wisest men".*

HOLD IT, readers, you are not going to suffer through a long harangue, pro and con, on the subject that has so concerned the British public of late, and probably ourselves in the not-too-distant future: nor are you ever likely to hear this brilliant presentation referred to, in whole or in part, in any future learned debate. However, it is a subject on which I, personally, feel very strongly, and must therefore express myself. In deference to our esteemed Editor and his incorruptible staff (no doubt already alienated) I chose the first person, singular, in the title in preference to the editorial "we", to save them any possible embarrassment, and shall continue my story similarly. Here, then, are my reasons for demanding "the pound of flesh" from those relentless murderers of this world — the gripers, moaners, pessimists and kill-jocks.

Working in direct contradiction to nature in balance and the law of supply and demand, these pests are always in abundance and thrive on a diet of misplaced sympathy. It works something like this. I meet a man, a casual acquaintance, and after the usual pleasantries are exchanged, make the fatal mistake of asking "and how have things been with you?" What could be more natural? But to this monster in human form it means the opening of the floodgates to his soul and he pours forth a tale of wail and woe that would shake the most incurable optimist. His wife has sprained her ankle — his boy has the mumps, his daughter is dating a bum,, his car won't start,

his water pipes froze, his mother-in-law has the mumps — and so on and so on — something the matter with everything but his tongue! By this time I am beginning to fear for my sanity, I feel an ulcer twinging, and I am sure I am getting flat feet. Further, I am bored, embarrassed and downright annoyed. But "Gloomy Gus" has not yet finished with me.

A week later I meet the chap who originally introduced me to the worm. He is a real man and I am always pleased to see him. Today, however,, I notice a distinct coolness in him and cannot understand why until I mention my encounter with Gus. Now I get a second blast for being so rude, so unsympathetic, so inhuman to "poor Gussie". I try to explain everything but the gargoyle has been there first with his story and I am stinker in every way. To finish it off, I'm told I might have "sympathized" with the man! I would like to sympathize with a well-placed boot. Now I know I have a second ulcer.

To put an end to this nonsense, patient readers, the point I have tried to put across is simply this. It costs nothing — absolutely nothing — to play down our ill feelings and meet the other fellow with a smile and a cheery word. If it is tried for awhile it soon becomes a habit and, consequently, spontaneous and effortless. It does a lot for the other fellow too, far more than we may ever know. Personally, I've felt prettly glum on occasions and then have met a man who was more solicitous for my own welfare than his own. The boost I received was enormous. Lets try it. Remember, it is always the cheerful person we like to be with, and the other man feels the same way.

*"Laugh, and the world laughs with you,
Cry, and you cry alone".*

So in closing I say — bring on the happy man, the joker, the optimist — let joy be unconfined. As for the pessimist, the kill-joy — I favor hanging.

EDITORIAL

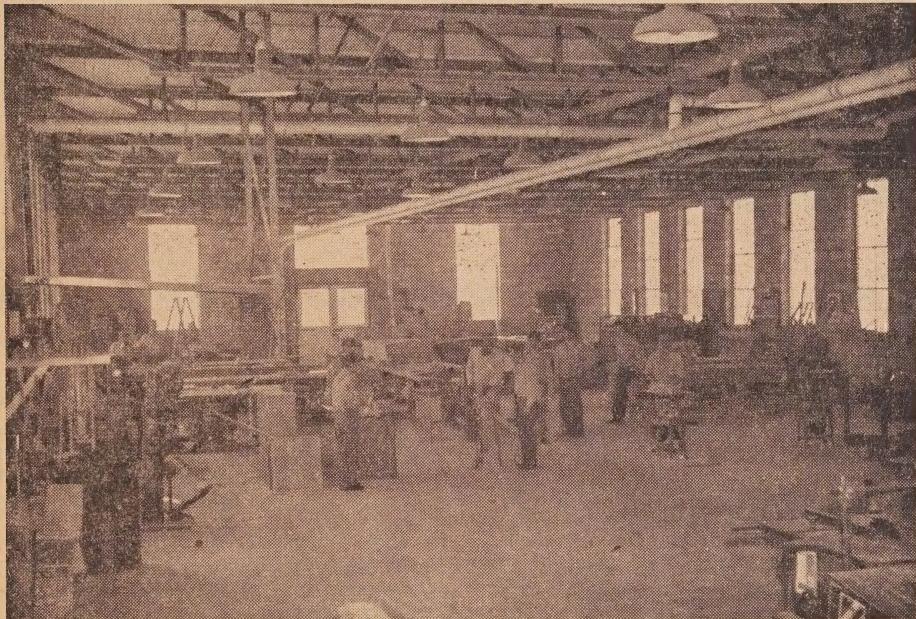
to our mind is the amount of bitterness that would be alleviated by such a Board, and again, the word — hope. The amount of hope the existence of such a Board would hold out to many people who feel they are unjustly sentenced is immeasurable.

This Board of Review could also be used to review the cases of men presently serving indefinite sentences under the Habitual Criminals Act. Although we are serving short terms we can quite easily imagine how utterly hopeless anyone serving an indefinite sentence must feel.

We close with the thought — where there is life there is hope. May we dare to paraphrase —where there is life, hope is a necessity.

INSIDE COLLIN'S BAY

**Continuing the Series of Articles and Pictures
Describing Life Behind the Walls of
Collin's Bay Penitentiary**



Carpenter Shop

Here we have a photo of the industrial Carpenter Shop, run by Mr. J. Orwell, and employing twenty inmates.

The Carpenter Shop is housed in a new and very modern building, and you can see it is well lighted. It was built by inmate labour.

All phases of carpentry work are done, from bulletin boards, through sashes, doors, window screens, chairs and modernistic desks. They also do the constructional carpentry and any wood maintenance throughout the institution.

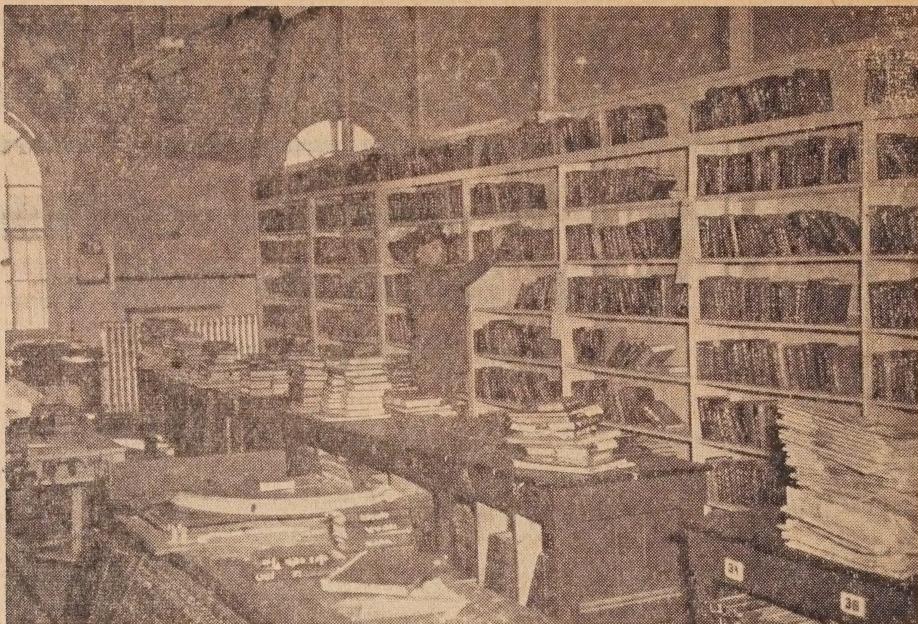
Again, here is a shop that first acts as prep school for Vocational Carpentry and is ready

to employ graduate carpenters and put them through a course of post graduate work.

The work turned out is equivalent to that of any woodworking factory on the outside.

Machinery is of the latest design and is of a variety to handle any woodworking problems. This is a busy shop at all times and a man not only receives a good grounding before he goes on course but the experience he receives through this shop after his graduation gives him not only experience but the all-important confidence.

Nothing leads to good which is not natural.



Library

The Library at Collin's Bay is very well stocked and whatever a man's tastes run to, the Library can satisfy them.

In the fiction line the Library has three thousand books, and over a year's period, the Library circulates twenty two thousand, nine hundred and twenty eight books in this category. Second are non-fiction. The total on these is fifteen hundred, and the circulation for a year is five thousand, eight hundred and fourteen. Quite a turnover, isn't it?

These volumes are all kept in repair by the Library staff.

Third on the list are Technical volumes relating to trades, vocational training and many other subjects. Next comes magazines — the Institution subscribes to fifty two magazines on a yearly basis. The circulation figure is unbelievably high — thirty eight thousand

three hundred and twenty, to be exact. This entails plenty of work.

Other services are rendered. All Hobby-craft is handled by the Library, and when you consider the number of inmates engaged in hobby-craft, you then have the picture of the volume of work handled by this department.

The School is included in this department and renders a great service to the inmates. In many cases a man's scholastic level must be raised before he can go on to the vocational training course he has chosen, and the help they give to correspondence pupils is great.

The Institution's School and correspondence courses are not the only media of study. Many men, through the help of borrowed textbooks, carry on cellular studies on their own.

Shown in the photograph is Mr. Clarence Hogeboom, head of the School and Library.

The Devil was always challenging St. Peter to a game of baseball, but St. Peter never took him up. Finally, the Dodgers, the Giants and the Yanks all went to Heaven. So naturally, St. Peter called up the Devil.

"Now I'll play you that game of ball", he said.

"You'll lose," said the Devil. "You'll lose."

"Oh, yeah?" said Peter. "Listen, right now I've got the greatest collection of baseball players you ever saw."

"You'll lose," said the Devil. "You'll lose."

"What makes you so sure we'll lose?"

"Because, laughed the Devil, we got all the umpires down here."



Number Two Dormitory

This, the most recent addition to our sleeping quarters, is the domicile of fifty men. It houses the workers from the Farm, the Construction Garage, the Utility Gang, the Ornamental crew, staff Barber, and sundry clerks and cleaners. Early risers, all.

As can be seen in the foregoing picture, there are fifty cubicles, each separated from its neighbour by a wire screen. The dormitory differs from the blocks, if only in the communal atmosphere that prevails during meals and at all other times excepting working hours.

The tables in the centre are where meals are taken, usually four to a table: where cards are played, hobbycraft and other diversionary activities performed. The dormitory also boasts of two washrooms, each having six sinks and two showers. (The privilege of showering each night is one of the better features). It also has a writing and study room

where one is assured of quietness by a sign which reads "This room will be used for writing and study only. Unnecessary noise will not be permitted."

I understand that the dormitory of today is a far cry from the one of the regime in which the silent system was in effect from 7.00 A.M. to 7.00 P.M., and when fraternization between cubicles was rewarded with a trip to Chinatown.

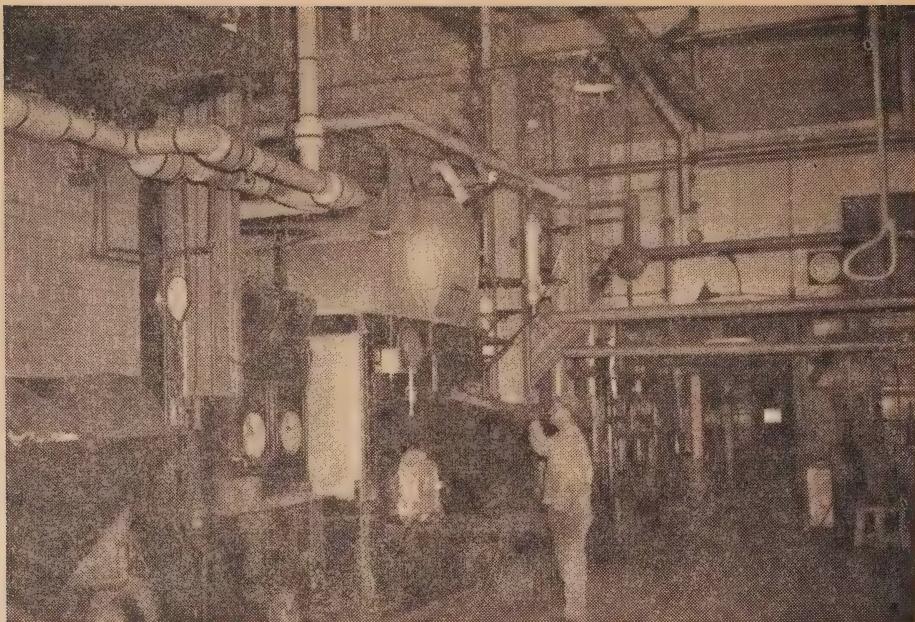
All that is lacking is a T.V. set right in the centre of the room, but until such time as that arrives, Number Two Dorm is home to some of us, and after one gets used to the incessant tap-tap-tap of the hobbycrafter's hammer, the slam of cards to the table during a rousing bridge game, and the close proximity of his neighbours, he wouldn't exchange it for any other — in here.

But while the offender and the law abiding citizen have fundamentally the same personality traits, they differ in personality make-up. The offender seems to have fewer inhibitions, less respect for the rights of others, and less regard for the mores of society. For this reason society says that offenders are undesirable characters and must be segregated.

R. Royle Eddy.

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God himself, sir, does not propose to judge man until the end of his days.
Johnson



Boiler Room

The above photo shows the interior of the institution's boiler-room. The structure itself is comparatively new having been built just four years ago.

At present there are three boilers serving the institution and this coming summer will see a new and fourth boiler installed to take care of increased steam demands. All equipment in the boiler-room is of the most modern and included in the list of labour saving devices are coal and ash handling machinery, thus an inmate working in the engineer's department gets a good grounding in modern machinery and methods.

The boilers are equipped with Bailey meters and automatic combustion controls, all these modern controls tend to teach inmate employees the latest in engineering. There is also a

steam-turbine for the standby electrical generator which is used in emergencies.

Although the engineering branch is not a vocational shop many men leave here with fourth class engineers papers to assist them in their rehabilitation, and we personally know of many ex-inmates who have rebuilt their lives on the strength of the knowledge gained in the Bay boiler-house.

The department is headed by Chief Engineer H. Hamnes and the following officers, Mr. A. Quick, Mr. H. Dunn, Mr. A. Pettit, Mr. E. Oatway, Mr. E. Frasso, Mr. T. Orr, Mr F. Layzell, Mr. M. Plunkett and eight inmates.

Last year the boiler-room produced seventy four and a half million pounds of steam and in doing so consumed thirty six hundred tons of coal so Dear Reader you can see it is no small operation.

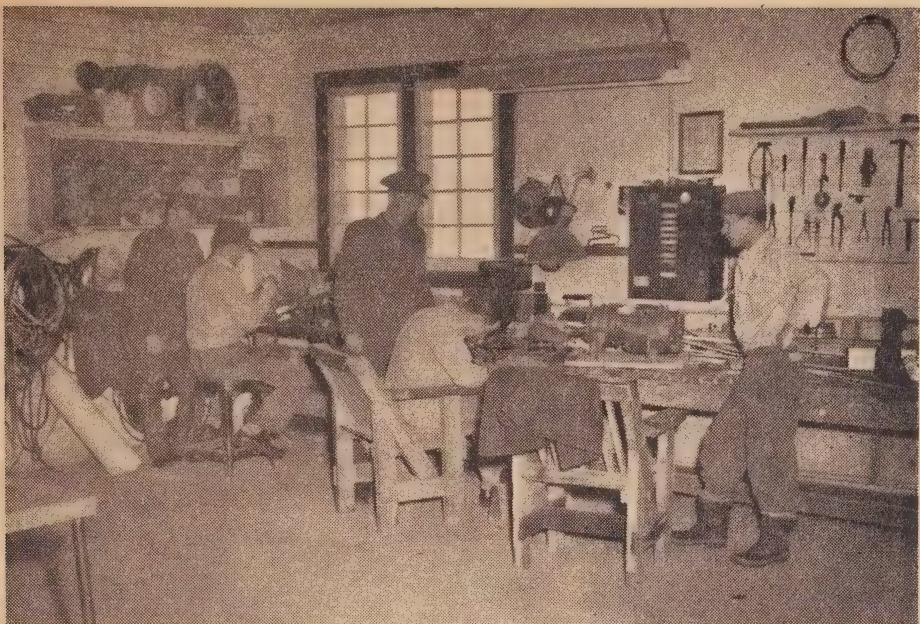
Electrical Shop

Here we have the Electrical Shop. It is under the direction of Mr. Sommerville and he is assisted by Mr. P. Dormer and Mr. W. Good. There are nine inmates in this shop. They do electrical maintenance and electrical construction in the institution.

It is a completely equipped shop and motors are rewound and rebuilt, and all phases of electrical work are competently handled. It is

a large job when you take into consideration the number of fuses, bulbs, fluorescent tubes, motors, switchboxes, and other every-day appliances that require constant service.

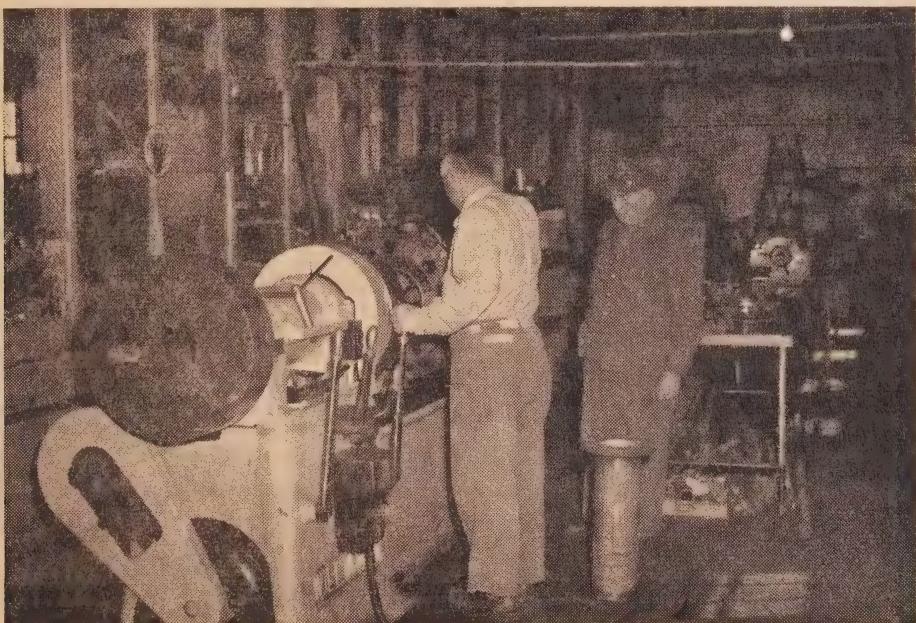
One section repairs radios and household appliances, and a man can gain a lot of knowledge and experience through this department. Again, this electrical shop is a prep school or post-graduate, as the case may be.



MAINTENANCE DEPARTMENT

The picture below shows the interior of the Maintenance Plumbing Shop. The officer in the picture is Mr. E.J.H. Bowen who has been connected with Collin's Bay since it was opened. He is assisted by two other officers and ten inmates. The construction and maintenance work being carried on in any small town. Many men who are plumbers on the outside practice their trade here while serving their sentences,

and the shop is also a prep school for Vocational Plumbing. And the graduates of Vocational Plumbing find practice and employment in the Plumbing Shop upon completion of their courses. We are inclined to overlook the amount of comfort and well-being we derive from the work of this shop over a twelve-month period, but let that tap start to drip, we know who to call.





Bull Gang

Pictured above is the Bull Gang. Contrary to the title, they do not handle cattle but are employed in the carrying out of many chores. They are a maintenance gang and do a variety of jobs. In the picture they are clearing snow —this is a seasonal task.

Many newcomers to The Bay find themselves on the Bull Gang until they are classified and sent either to an industrial shop or

to a vocational class. The importance of the Bull Gang cannot be over stressed. From the removal of snow to the putting up of screens, the digging of foundations, their efforts are a contribution to the daily life of the institution. They do everyone's share of the heavy work. The three pictured are merely a small segment of the complete Bull Gang. So from us to the Bull Gang — thanks a lot — we appreciate you.

** ** ** ** **

The responsibility for preventing delinquency rests on everyone in the community, not just on the schools or the parents or the social agencies. Everyone, including you must do his share if we are to do away with this serious problem. The less juvenile delinquency there is, the better life will be for all of us. We will have better homes, schools, towns, and cities; even a better nation and a better world.

** ** ** ** **

We have travelled a long road since the time of John Howard, whose great work we perpetuate. Yet there are those amongst us who still smugly regard punishment alone as the just desert of the law-breaker, and he feel that sympathy is weakness. Such an outlook will merely reinforce. Criminality is a disease albeit not physical, and as such is susceptible of discovery and diagnosis and treatment. Yet all too often the ex-inmate who is sincere in his wish to reform is treated as though he must walk for all time with the mark of Cain on his forehead.

** ** ** ** **

So long as we love we serve; so long as we are loved by others I would almost say that we are indispensable; and no man is useless while he has a friend. Stevenson



Stores Department

The Stores Department is depicted above but does not give a full picture of the close to ten thousand square feet of floor space contained in this new and modern building. The important point is, it was built entirely by inmate labour. Vocational students were given a marvellous opportunity to practice the trades they had gained, and many pre-vocational students were given a taste of what was in store for them in the trades they had chosen.

The building is of brick construction, and the pressed brick was manufactured within the penitentiary walls. The cement block for the foundations were made in Kingston Penitentiary. The steelwork was erected and welded by the Blacksmith Shop. The plumbing was installed through the efforts of the Plumbing Shop, and in this plumbing work, two washrooms were included plus the steam heating system.

Mr. Harold Esford, officer-in-charge of the Tinsmiths with inmate labour, had the job of roofing the building. All electrical work was carried out by the Electricians Department,

using the inmate electricians and thus furthering their knowledge of work in the electrical field. As the Stores are situated outside the walls, two forms of transportation are used — a good road in for delivery by truck and a railway siding facilitates delivery by railroad.

The Stores Department is headed by Mr. H. G. Putnam, and the two officers assisting him are Mr. K.J. Atkins and Mr. K.A. Snider. Three inmates complete their staff. There are three offices in the Stores and all requisitions, purchase orders and local purchase orders go through these channels. Everything used, from darning needles to ten-ton girders, go through the Stores room.

Purchase of stores and equipment are made through the Storekeeper to the Chief Purchasing Agent in Ottawa, who buys on a tender basis, thereby protecting taxpayers' money by mass buying. The calendar system is also used to buy in season, thereby taking advantage of the lowest price, and manufactured articles are bought under this system, to take advantage of output prices.

** ** ** **

It is estimated that between 75 and 100 million comic books are sold in this country each month. About one-fourth of these are in the category of crime and horror comics.

From Federal Probation.

MONTHLY REPRINT

A DIVIDED RESPONSIBILITY by Harry C. Smith, reprinted from "The Forum", the penal press magazine of The Nebraska State Penitentiary.

FROM the prison publication that I have read, and I have read a great many of them, one singular weakness seems to prevail: A plethora of articles dealing with the responsibilities of the wardens, pardon boards, prison personnel, and society in general, toward the inmate body are published, but hardly a hint that this selfsame body also owes a responsibility to those whom they so freely criticise.

PENOLIGICAL PARADOX.

To begin with, let us mull a moment on one very obvious idiosyncrasy of the penal world. Isn't it remarkable that prisons, as totalitarian as they are reputed to be, should allow criticism to be published, and in most instances defray the cost of it themselves? It seems to me, then, that the force of such critical essays is wasted on the general public, and serve little more than to furnish material for those among the inmate population as are inclined toward self-pity, eager to picture themselves as downtrodden victims of a ruthless and hypocritical society. If the plight of the inmate is in need of championing to such an extent, it seems to me that an underground paper would be more effective: a subsidized revolution is entirely too democratic. But seriously, a prison paper should try to help the inmate find a measure of harmony with his surroundings; the flaws are all too evident.

Since the desire for self-expression burns so fiercely within the prison wall, why not let us turn this talent for critical essay upon ourselves, and take a more positive view of our lot, rather than rehashing the negative aspects of what is wrong with the system. I do not mean by this that the prison publications should completely abandon the effort to bring the inequalities of the penal system to light when they can, but they should recognise that this is the long range aim, and that the nearer and equally important target is the system as is, and how we as prisoners can intelligently adjust ourselves to it.

FAIR ANALYSIS NEEDED.

For once, let us be honest with ourselves. The majority of prisoners, with which I count myself, are among the wrong — instead of the wronged. If you are going to write about prison don't be a sob-sister, be a realist. What is wrong with us is much more important than knowing what is wrong with the prison. Four walls and steel bars must naturally hamper our movements, but they need not constrict our minds. It is evident that a man's attitude in prison is just as important to himself as to the prison officials, for he can serve his time the hard way in bitter brooding over some injustice, either real or fancied: or he can face circumstances with a cheerful and humble outlook and let his time serve him.

DIFFICULT APPRAISAL.

It is almost impossible for a man to be completely objective about his own difficulties, but if he has the facts, and he will be honest with himself, it is possible for him to rationalize to some extent. A man in prison is prone to believe that he has been singled out as a special victim of neglect and persecution. He writes a kite to some official, and receives no satisfaction, therefore the administration is against him. He dramatizes the incident until it reaches the proportions of the Dreyfus Case. The fact that some three or four hundred other inmates have made a similar, or identical request, and the official, harassed as he is, cannot possibly take the time to explain to each one individually why the request cannot be granted, is seldom considered.

Neither is the regrettable fact of man's propensity to abuse privileges when given, reflected upon. We in prison are constantly harping upon, and expecting fair treatment, yet few of us are willing to give fair treatment in return.

TWO-SIDED PROBLEM.

There are two sides to every issue. Therefore, neither side should claim infallibility. If we harbour grudges and prejudices, and are unwilling to bend and forgive, how can we expect to be treated with consideration ourselves?

We rail against discipline only because we do not think intelligently about the chaos we would be forced to live in without it. We deride prison conditions, ignoring the fact that prison administrators do not make the laws, nor are they responsible for prison overcrowding.

Where the fault lies makes very little difference to us, anyway. We have to live here. Whether parole facilities should be expanded, or the courts should use greater discretion in sentencing a man to a penitentiary, is not in our province to decide. The situation could be better — it could be infinitely better — if each one of us individuals had not added to the problem. Let us not be saintly in passing out the blame for the situation in which we find ourselves.

In prison, as else where, there are the malcontents. All they need is a not too discerning mind to work on, and they will use every effort to drag their auditor down to their own level. Nothing in prison is any good, to hear them tell it. The administration is corrupt, the food is terrible, the rules are too severe, and the sentences are all unjust. The greatest flaw I find in their analysis of the prison problem is their method of comparison. They seem always to have been in another prison where conditions were better. Now, I don't believe any of us are seeking the ideal prison. What we want is to do our time in the easiest possible manner, and get out of the one we are in.

DRIFTING WITH TIDE DANGEROUS.

Being an inmate, I know that the reader will possibly question my motives in writing such an essay. To try to answer the question would take up too much space, and prove fruitless in any event. If the reader suspects an angle to ingratiate myself with those in authority, any defence would be useless. The opinions that I venture are homegrown, and as the saying goes, do not necessarily reflect the policy of this or any other prison publication. I have done a little time. I am not a veteran in the sense that I have made a career of it, or intend to, but I have been around.

I know that if one lets it, the daily existence of prison life can warp and narrow the mind until visions of broader and better things vanish. I have heard many men in prison say, apologetically, that they were much different on the outside. That may be so, but habit is a tenacious and cunning enemy, we are seldom aware that he has us in his grip.

We know that we wouldn't utter the crude things we do, and conduct ourselves as we do in here, on the outside. Yet, when the sudden transition takes place, and we are among our friends and families once more, will we not have to be constantly alert and on guard to defeat such a possibility if we have allowed ourselves to drift along with the flotsam and jetsam of the prison stream? You don't have to conform to the lowest of prison standards.

It is not an unpardonable taint to use good English and exhibit common courtesy in your daily life here. If one accustoms himself to seeking his adjectives in a good dictionary he will be surprised at the variety of ways in which an object can be described without the use of the usual four-letter words. There is nothing abnormal about a man studying a school subject which will help him in the business of earning a living, or even one that will be only an asset in social life.

If will be no reflection on one's manhood if he is seen going to Church occasionally. There are some very worth while people on the outside who have made a weekly habit of it. From what I have seen of them, none seem to be suffering from it. They drive up in late model cars, alight well-dressed and smiling, and emerge from their respective Churches later, looking quite contented.

GRAPEVINE BEARS SOUR GRAPES.

Although it often does, prison does not have to stultify the process of reasoning. Some worthy scientist, possibly for lack of a better classification, has labelled us *Home Sapiens*. This means we are reasoning creatures. To hear some of the screw-ball ideas that gain currency in prison, however, makes one wonder. Sometimes I think the prison grapevine bears nothing but sour grapes. The news of the good and encouraging things that happen out Front are seldom broadcast. There are very few, if any, inmates who have access to top-drawer information, yet from the remotest possible sources will come purportedly valid bulletins on all the front-office strategy, from headquarters to the frontline trenches.

The process works something like this: An inmate plumber goes to an official's apartment to fix a leaky faucet. The official at the time is on the phone, and the plumber overhears him say, "No, about half of that would be just right." (The official happens to be talking to his butcher about a roast, at the time.)

Back inside the prison, the plumber re-

SEGREGATION

SEGREGATION — a word with many nasty connotations. In some cases segregation is brutal and tends to retard civilization, but segregation can be beneficial if properly employed.

In today's penitentiaries segregation is not used; however, under the present set-up it could and should be employed. Not only as an aid to the people who would benefit from being segregated — the homosexual — but also as a protection for the young offender. The older offender, the one who has been around and recognizes the insidious approach of these poor unfortunates, is quite safe from them.

If segregation is used to separate homosexuals from normal prisoners, and particularly from young offenders with a normal outlook, then segregation is a useful thing. But when segregation is used in relation to races, religions and colours, then it is being used in a senseless way.

Segregation, to our way of thinking, should also be used in the care and treatment of other penitentiary inmates. For instance,

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MONTHLY REPRINT

marks to a co-worker on what he has heard, adding an appropriate subject, of course. The co-worker exclaims, "Yeah! I heard they was going to cut the pay on all inmate details," and then the grapevine goes to work on the rumor with an efficiency that the United Press would admire.

Consequently, on the first version the pay is cut in half, and from then on its like splitting the atom — it never gets to the point that anything is left to split. Before long it seems quite likely that instead of being paid for our work, we will wind up paying the State for our board and room. If a rumor reaches you, don't embellish it and pass it on. Just file it away in the mind to compare with the facts when they come out — if they ever do. In prison a rumor can get people hurt.

EYES OPEN — MOUTH SHUT.

the burglar should be kept carefully away from the youthful offenders, the safe-cracker should be kept in another group. Needless to say the confidence man and cheque artist should be kept to themselves.

Through segregation the hardened professional criminal would not be able to set himself up as a professor of crime. And it follows — the youthful first-time server is not a student of crime. Yes, segregation has a definite place in the penitentiaries of Canada — it would be a great tension reducer.

Penologists have proven over the last few years that the grouping of types is the only feasible answer to keeping a heterogeneous group of men locked up under one roof. The unruly instigator is kept away from the man who wishes to do his time quietly.

A further suggestion from us would be to segregate the vocational pupils; this would stop the man who is incapable of completing a course from discouraging the earnest knowledge seeker.

The atheist would be kept away from the man following the Christian path, and so on.

So until we have a properly set up hospital for the care and treatment of the homosexual and the sexual deviate, please give some thought to segregating them.

It isn't in the Constitution, or even the Bill of Rights, but each man here has only his own time to do. The penal pilots will try to chart your course for you, but if you are quiet and observant you can avoid the shoals by yourself. My prison experience has given me but one simple Credo: "Keep the Eyes Open and the Mouth Shut!"

Don't make the prison your home. It is only a motel stop on your journey to better places. In many ways, confinement can actually be an asset. It gives one ample time to examine himself realistically, and the time and materials to work out improvements if necessary. Don't become depressed over being a prisoner, or worry about the future consequences of a prison record. A very wise man once said, "Any man can make a mistake, but only a fool will persist in it. Just don't come back!"

...•••...

Reason and ignorance, the opposites of each other, influence the great bulk of mankind.

APRIL SHOWERS IN MAY

The Marshall

YEARS and years ago, up in the Klondike, in the days of The Gold Rush, where Robert Service shot Dangerous Dan McGrew — who in turn cremated Sam McGee and gave Satan two more subjects for his coal pit — and "The Lady that's known as Lou" moved to Milwaukee to work as a groom for Paul Revere in case he had to ride again— was the era when, if people managed to hit a bath once a year they did very well. Of course most of their working hours were spent out in the great open spaces, so that the once-a-year bath did not have too much affect on others with whom they had to live.

As the years passed, it was found that by using the Old Washtub filled with pre-heated water, one could attain a semblance of cleanliness, plus sometimes finding some long-lost underwear. It was shortly after this that bathing suits (full coverage) came on the market: most people had found that they had skin on their bodies just as on the hands and face — not red fuzzy wool). As time progressed, and people grew out of the anthropoidal stage, bathtubs of all shapes and sizes came into vogue: but still many people failed to take advantage of the bath habit.

Evolution and science stepped along with the years until we had bath tubs with taps that emitted hot and cold water as desired. That the era when the plumber issued a putty knife with every tub. It was used to eliminate the proverbial ring left by the person who had nerve enough to sit on the bottom and use a substance (in cake form) known as soap — a chemical compound of potash and soda with fat, soluble in water, and used for detergent or cleansing purposes. This was found to remove years of dirt and scale from the body.



We have exhaustively compared, with regard to many physical characters, different kinds of criminals with each other, and criminals, as a class, with the law abiding public.... Our results nowhere confirm the evidence (of a physical criminal type), nor justify the allegation of criminal anthropologists. They challenge their evidence at almost every point. In fact, both with regard to measurements and the presence of physical anomalies in criminals, our statistics present a startling conformity with similar statistics of the law abiding class. Our inevitable conclusion must be that there is no such thing as a physical criminal type.

Charles Goring

To take a bath now has a real meaning. The immersing of the body, or part of it in water or other fluid or medium such as milk, buttermilk, wine or champagne (the latter two I like — I usually fall out of an empty tub). Then pull the plug. And yet we run afoul of men who are loathe to enter a bath tub.

We shall take for granted the change and trend of times, for away back in the year 1399, King Henry the Fourth of England instituted an Order at the Coronation, known as the Knights of the Bath. So few took baths that it all died out until King George the First, in 1725, brought it back to stay, and we have been doing it ever since. I mean — most of us!

Today in Collin's Bay we have the latest contrivance known to man in the art of keeping clean — commonly known as a shower bath. This contrivance from which water is ejected in spray form from overhead, spraying the human body in its entirety, and when soap is applied, does a grand job of cleaning and removing all manner of dirt.

To be used on Wednesdays and Saturdays by all inmates, the sole purpose of this article is to acquaint the few that the above mentioned showers can be used free of charge — no canteen tickets are necessary, nor will an inmate lose time on his sentence: it also means a lot to the guy who lives next door to you or the inmate you work with. It is, also, painless. Oh yes, soap is supplied in ample quantities. Some of you fellows should try a shower. They are not bad, and the change room would gain by all the extra under-clothing that has been missing.



KAMPUS KWEERIES



by "The Marshall"

Dear Chef Marshall:

What are — and where do the beans grow, and how is it that they all land in Collin's Bay?

"Windy" Stein

Dear Hurricane:

Don't be playing Mr. Anonymous — you sleep in the next cell to me. I will endeavor to enlighten you. To begin with, in Icelandic it is "Baun" — in Swedish it is "Bona", in Danish it is "Bonne" and permit me to add that in German it is "Bohne". A name given to several kinds of valuable leguminous seeds contained in a bivalve pod, and to the plants producing them as the common bean. Cultivated both in fields and gardens for man and beast. Please, Steinie old boy, don't try to kid me. All beans do not come to Collin's Bay because you ate them in Kingston, Burwash, Guelph, Bowmanville, San Quentin, Sing Sing. By the way, did you ever eat them at the Mercer? I wonder.....

Old Bean-Pod Marshall

Dear Marshall:

When a judge sentences a man to prison and it is proven later that he is innocent, how does the sentencing judge feel?

Sullie

Dear Joe Joe:

The answer is quite simple — just like any

other judge — with his hands. Why not simmer down with a chorus of "Dance With Me Henry?"

Music Lover Marshall

Dear Marshall:

Re: Dragnet program on the radio each Wednesday night. I have been listening to it for five years and they always find the "guilty one" — why is this?

Dear Crime-Wave Belbie:

If you have been listening to "Dragnet" for five years in this place, no wonder you have zippers put in odd places in the trousers you had made. They are supposed to go in front only and the reason all the folks that Dragnet catches are found guilty is that they are tried and sentenced before the story comes on the air. How can any one farmer be so stupid?

The Marshall

An Old Adage — unknown

There is so much good in the worst of us, And so much bad in the best of us, That it ill behoves any of us, To try and find fault with the rest of us.

Dear Marshall:

After showing you the pictures of my girl friend, don't you think she is just gorgeous? To my estimation she is a fashion expert: she has exquisite tastes, always knowing the right things to wear at the right time. What would you say?

Tune-them-in Ralph

Dear Disk Jockey:

Not so all women, my boy. I happened to have been in Florida just prior to coming here, and all the slacks I saw on women reminds me of that Lucky Strike advertisement "So Round, So Firm, So Fully Packed." But men are queer also. They say the main difference between man and beast is man's brain. Right there the difference stops, because a man is lion hearted, chicken livered, pigeon-toed, busy as a bee, sly as a fox, blind as a bat, gentle-as a lamb, drunk as a hoot owl, stubborn as a mule, strong as an ox, vain as a peacock, happy as a lark, or crazy as a loon. Depending on your point of view. Satisfied?

The Marshall

Dear Two-Gun Marshall:

Why do they play so much classical and operatic music over the radio here in Collin's Bay. Why can't we have some Western music please?

Ex Cowboy

Dear Punchy Puncher:

Please bear in mind our present disk jockey is a man of the world — he even applied for a passport to get transferred from Kingston to Collin's Bay. And the nearest you ever got to a cow was when you stole a milk wagon horse in Pembroke and did a Paul Revere to Petawawa so please desist from that cowboy routine. You wouldn't know the difference between cowboy music and classical music anyway. When I asked you who Schopenhauer, Shubert and Schumann were, you told me they ran a liverwurst factory in Hamilton, Ontario and employed Don Cornell, the late Ken Williams, Frankie Lane and Frankie Sinatra as clerks, with Bill Jones as elevator operator. Please never write me again.

The Marshall

Dear Senor Marshall:

Many people have I asked and no one seems to know the answer. Are women really so different from men?

Very Young Fatso George

Dear Tubby:

When I read your little note I dashed madly to my cell, got under the blankets and remained there until I stopped blushing. There must be a difference between them because they have a Prison for Women only in Kingston. Why not apply for a transfer, then when you get out, you can tell me. Or contact our editor — he's a pretty wise sort of a guy. Please cut out the "Senor" stuff. The nearest to Mexico you have ever been was when you picked up a can of Chili Con Carne in a chainstore. Guess that's why you're here!

Mucho Disgusted Marshall

To The Marshall:

I have been here for two months and no one seems to know I am here ... what is the matter with me?

Signed — Agnes

My dear Segna:

Wow! — I sincerely hope your cell location can be secured by me — in a hurry. This is really a terrible situation. What shall I do — notify the authorities? Keep my big mouth shut? Or tell our Bill Jones? For Gosh sake, don't hit shower parade: stay away from the Change Room, because 4201 is really a menace: and please remain aloof to our editor. By all means stay on the cleaners — they are not wise to the birds and bees. I will try to get changed to the cleaners — from then on, everything will be O.K. ... I hope. By that time the Front will find out about this tragic mistake. Always spell your name backwards. Oh

boy — who said jail aint beautiful!

Don Quixote Marshall
(minus horse and windmill)

Dear Mr. Trippe:

Are you any relation to the Trippe that runs the airline, and whom I met in Havana last Year? Or the Tripe that works in the Change Room at Brinks, counting money? I know them and would like to meet yo too, old boy. Cheerio old top, pip, pip.

Marty Micks-Dupp 3rd.

Dirty Marty 3rd Person:

You are the red-nosed, drape-panted, broom-handling individual I saw in the Diamond office the other day making a play for our scare-haired Editor. We have very few of your type here in C.B. thank goodness, but of all the moronic, idiotic, neurotic, simple-looking individuals — you are the tops! And flat-tops — of them all. The less I see and hear of you the better off Kampus Kweeries will be. As to my name, don't ask questions that are far beyond your beetle-brained flat-topped fuse-blown mind. For your benefit the name is TRIPP less the E and plus the letter P — so, drop one, pick up another,, add them together and you have the answer. If you're stuck ask Phil McQuade our sports writer — he's good on percentage.

Regusted Marshall.

Dear Marshall San:

I have been in here for nine years — have things changed on the outside and will I notice the change? P.S. I have always worked in the Change Room.

Long Timer

Dear Newcomer:

You fellows who have just got used to the place are the ones that are always asking and wondering about the Outside: you never hear us Quarter-Century members growling and grumbling. My advice to you is get a work change. You are gradually getting in a laundry rut. As to your wishing to know about the outside changes — don't worry about them. You will be out in time to attend the opening of the new St. Lawrence Waterway. If not then,, you may make the Coronation of little Prince Charles in England. But please get a work change.

Tar Marshall.

The Marshall's Poem of the Month:

When I was young, and free from sin,
The ladies gently tucked me in.
But now, when old, and grey, and stout,
The ladies leave me tuckered out.

PERKY POEMS BY PRISONER POETS

Diamonds in the Rough

THE DREAM

Last night I had a dream that I awoke
In purple shrouds within a musty tomb
I thought, "Alas! my soul is here entrapped
Forever in the earth's eternal womb."

But in this dream I saw an open door
With brilliant sunlight all about the frame
I strained to clasp the beauty in my hand
And heard a distant voice call out my name.

I saw no one, I felt no presence there
And yet I knew that someone beckoned me
I stumbled blindly to the open door
With wonder gazed upon a golden sea.

Again I heard the voice, more strongly now
"Come sail with me into another realm"
I stumbled forward, reaching to the light
A boat appeared with angels at the helm.
The heavy shackles of the past sank slowly in
the sea
I stepped aboard and sailed away into eternity.

William Fritsley

SOURCE

I from the hill country
A parable bring.
Far in those woodlands sweet
A hidden spring
Gives a wild mountain stream
Music to sing.

So you have given me
All my life long,
Love from your wildwoods, and
Strength to be strong
Secret, mysterious
Source of my song!

Philip Hamilton

EVENING RESOLVES

Gentle music on the breeze,
Swaying movement of the trees,
Cooch of evening soon descends,
Work day troubles meet their ends.

Relax and enjoy the velvet night,
Unlit by other than pale moonlight,
Watching stars glint in purple sky,
Let hurried life go rushing by.

Gunner

POETIC URGE

I've an urge to compose into verse
My poetic thoughts of a great universe.
Around the world of many a mile,
Outstretched across to the river Nile.
Far into space to the wild blue yonder,
Of many a planet of which we wonder.
High above the sea to a mountain peak
We venture to explore the summit we seek.
Across the sea with the sun arisen,
To meet our goal of the great horizon.
Through the countries that we may tour,
From the landscapes to the heathery moor.
Around the universe, around the globe,
Around the world, around we probe.

Steiny

TO ALL MOTHERS

Every locket holds a picture
And our hearts the locket wear.
We will keep your image always
For its love that holds it there.
Every year it gets more precious
As the loving memory grows
For the finest, dearest mother
That the world will ever know.
A wonderful mother, woman and aid
One who was better, God never made.
A wonderful worker, loyal and true,
One in a million, that, Mother, is you.
Always just in your judgment, always right,
Honest and liberal, and always upright.

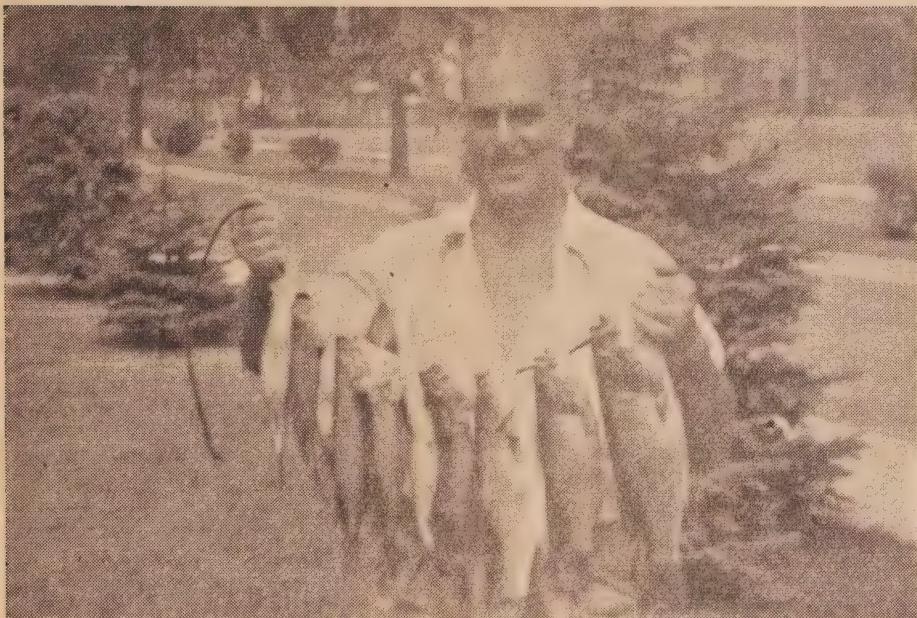
Philip Hamilton

TO A MOUSE

Though death will trap you in the end,
Could I, a fellow pilgrim, friend,
Be a smug part to your doom?
I know that you didn't ask to come
Into the perilous world you live in,
Where honest mice are often driven
To thievery by empty bellies.
You don't beg heaven for cakes and jellies,
But merely a little cheese and bread.
The chance of a roof above your head
And the simple right to be a mouse.
So be it, you're welcome in this house,
And may the trifling boon suffice
To justify God's ways to mice.

Philip Hamilton

HALL OF FAME



Our Hall of Fame candidate for the month of May is Mr. Bert Smith of Kingston, Ontario.

Mr. Smith devotes Tuesday morning of each week to instructing the Bay Vocational barbers. He goes over the previous week's work at this time and gives any instruction he sees necessary. Progress reports are also made out at this time, and he advises what course to follow for the following week.

Mr. Smith has been a barber for thirty one years, and his present shop is located on Princess Street. He is a great Kingston booster and claims Kingston is the only place in Canada to live. He is a lifetime resident of Kingston.

He has two grown sons, Clarke, twenty one years of age, and Robert, fourteen years old.

In a little town in the French Pyrenees is a shrine celebrated for miracles of healing. One day shortly after World War II an amputee veteran appeared there. As he hobbled up to the shrine some one remarked "That silly man — does he think God will give him back his leg?" The veteran, overhearing, turned and replied: "Of course I do not expect God to give me back my leg. I am going to pray to God to help me to live without it."

—Forward Coronet, March, 1956

* * * * *

The most truthful part of a newspaper is the advertisements.

I Was On The Bum

By 4242

PLEASE excuse the frankness I am going to use in this short story for in it's frankness lies it's virtue.

But I have heard so many stories lately of the glamorous side of crime that I feel it is time some one not afraid of the truth spoke up.

Why be ashamed to admit facts that are true? I personally know that better than sixty percent of the inmates in here have had tough, uncomfortable days when food was scarce. The thief does not find an opportunity every day to steal, nor does the bootlegger have Saturday night business daily. And to remain on the subject of reverses, let me add that very often the harlot has to look for a place to sleep.

For years people have been using the phrase, EASY COME, EASY GO. Have you ever worked at stealing? Have you ever boosted (shop lifted)? Ever passed phoney cheques or let us say, just to shock you, counterfeit money? No! well my friend you have never worked hard, and you will never have to say as an excuse for lack of money, you know, EASY COME, EASY GO.

For the past five years I have been a cheque artist, one of the brotherhood of the good old bouncy gutta percha genuine rubber cheque bouncers. I took chances, always trying to outsmart people. And to my way of thinking now, there should be a change in the criminal code to prosecute the man that cashes a cheque for a stranger, just the same as the passer is prosecuted.

To-day I wonder why I ever reached the state of degradation I eventually did. Was it lack of will power? Or, lack of a sense of responsibilities, or perhaps my heavy drinking? Or, am I blaming liquor as so many weak minded people do to justify their deficiency of conscience? What made me lose some of my best friends? I ask and search for an answer, for crime is not an easy life, I know.

The road of life was difficult. Money came and went; of course part of this life was keeping on the move. One day, and I shall always have a crystal clear picture of it in my mind, I found myself in a railroad station. Broke flat, not a "sou" in my pockets; and, the four men

I was engaged in conversation with were in the same sorry state, men without money, men without food. They were classified as "bums". Their talk was as low as their morals and their morals were as short as their money. There I was trying to figure a way to get something to eat: A BUM IN THE COMPANY OF BUMS.

Hunger has no pride, so I found myself at the back door of a hospital; two bologna sandwiches constituted my dinner. Supper was omitted and the police station was my refuge for the night. The following morning, the Sergeant at the station told me to get out of town that day. Yes, Sir, North Bay is a hospitable town, especially in winter.

At noon I heard that a well known charitable organization would give a man in need a hand. I found my way to their headquarters and asked the Officer in charge if he could assist me with something to eat. He informed me he was having his dinner and wanted to know if I did mind. "No" I said politely, then he went on to say that he intended to leave immediately after his meal and that he could not do anything for me. I left.

This straightened me up and I got right on the move. In short order I cashed a few phoney cheques. Guile people are always available and an N.S.F. cheque is oft times easier to cash than a good one. Later, while sitting in a beverage room having a few beers the Officer from the charitable Institution entered and as he was seeking alms, I gave him a quarter: EASY COME, EASY GO. And later on, when I arrived in Kingston Penitentiary, I gave newly purchased clothes to the same organization.

Yes, many times I have had to use freight trains as transportation (I sincerely hope the railway companies don't sent me a bill) and beg for food. Smoking at times was scarce, yes believe me, in crime there are rough days.

Now I hear other inmates talking about the big cars, apartments and all the other accessories. I feel I must be a failure as a criminal. One thing I am sure of though, CRIME DOESN'T PAY for me or, perhaps these fellow prisoners talking of big Cadillacs mean the freight variety, they are big.

So to get back to crime, it has never paid for me, all it has ever done is keep me away from my family and cause me hardship.

This I do not want to go through again, believe me I am sincere and I hope to stay this way.

TIME

Bob Scott

TIME is a four-letter word — let us first consider it as such. By comparison with others in our language, it is easy to learn, read, write and speak — a short, simple word. Now let us consider its meaning. Here all simplicity ceases. There is no word in any language with meanings so vast, so complex or so contradictory, and nothing has the impact or influence on our lives as time. To get some idea of just how large a part time plays in our lives, we will cite a few of its aspects.

To find out the age of time, we on this planet can go on farther back than the Holy Bible. The first three words printed therein are "in the beginning." Science has estimated "the beginning" as approximately three billion years ago. This means time, to the present, has an age so vast as to be inconceivable to the mortal mind. But let us look into the future — where in the future will time end? To this question, of course, we have no answer. So here is our first example of the complexity and contradiction of this short, simple word. Time is now three thousand millions years of age and yet we cannot see its end — it started but, unlike anything else with which we are familiar, it never stops: it grows old but is ageless. If we look beyond our immediate planet Earth we discover that today — this minute — by means of scientific apparatus, light from distant stars, travelling at a speed of 186,000 miles per second, is just now reaching us, and it has been coming for two billion light years!

We live by time — and die by time. If we compare our lives to a mighty triangle, we find that at its base is our birth — all time is before us. As we live from day to day, year to year, we gradually ascend its ever-closing sides until we reach its apex and there — death. Have you ever stopped to think that at one precise split-second only do we have all time

before us? From the moment of our birth, regardless of how long we may live, time to us is ever lessening. Strangely enough, being human, the older we get the faster time seems to pass. When we are happy we say "if this time would only last forever" — when we are unhappy we exclaim "will this time never pass." All incidents in our lives are marked, and remembered, by a certain period in time. Within the lifetimes of all who read these lines we have devised ways to divide the primary measurements of time by days and seasons into the incredibly small amount of millionths of a second and into the inconceivably large amount of billions of light years — and these means are still being widened.

Having dealt with some of the more general meanings of time, let us think briefly of time as applied to us in one day. We eat by time and sleep by time: we leave by time and return by time: we gain time and lose time. Time is earned and spent, borrowed and lent, wasted and saved: we wait for time but time never waits: we hasten to beat time but never do. One day in time can bring war or peace, poverty or prosperity, hate or love: a king may die and a king crowned, a prince become a pauper and a beggar as rich as Midas. Be it kind or brutal, time is relentless in its onward march and, in step or out, we must all keep going onward with it — we can never stop in time.

To me, time has meant pretty much the same things as to everyone else. Time meant childhood in the far distant past, with its sudden laughs and just as sudden tears, childhood to be remembered. Time meant manhood with its increased responsibilities and more exciting fun. Time meant the future, to be planned for and coveted. Oh yes, time meant all things to me — yesterday, today and tomorrow — the same familiar things in the same familiar ways, nothing unknown or to be feared. Until now. Now, with tragic suddenness, time has become something completely unfamiliar in shape and pattern — a period of time to live in a manner and place quite strange. Time in the future has become fixed — terribly fixed. Time, to me, now has but one meaning. My time is four years.

You see, I am a convict.

Those dry Martinis were too much for me.
Last night I really felt immense,
To-day I feel like thirty cents;
It is no time for mirth and laughter
In the cold gray dawn of the morning after.

Live and Learn

oooooooooooooooooooo

WHILE having a little chat with our Editor-in-Chief, (known to most of our readers as Charles Downs,) but to me, the Associate Editor, he is known as the Slave-Driver. He stated in his office last week, during one of his really calm moments, that he had suggested that blonde Willie (Cuddles) Huddlestone take a correspondence course on anything that might be of use to him, (Blonde Willie could close his eyes, and without thinking, answer that one.) Anyway, Cuddles told the Editor that he had studied many subjects, mainly chemistry, and the study of Nitro-for-steel-boxes, but had to give it up because a group of people known as Society, objected to his making practical tests in the offices of large industrial concerns at night. It was really the night-watchmen that complained because they could not get a good night's sleep.

The Editor asked "Cuddles" what he knew about "Conic Sections", and the immediate reply was, "It is an important branch of Plane and Fancyngometry, the science invented by Euclid, who was named after the main drag in Cleveland, and Einstein by Euclid, who was named after that brown stuff you pour on your finger after jabbing it with an ice-pick. Conic, (not to be confused with Comic) Sections puts you wise to all kinds of curves, chief of which are:

- (1) The parabola.
- (2) The ellipse.
- (3) Hyperbola
- (4) Bathing beauty.

Of course, as soon as you leave Collin's Bay you will learn to detour the first three and concentrate on the fourth.

Asked about Petrology, Cuddles wanted to know whether it was Tectonic, Dynamic, or

Stratagraphical, as Petrology is generally defined as "the reading of rocks," and claimed from this a person can realize its usefulness, especially when leaving here and getting a job as a bartender, and a customer staggers in, hanging on the bar, and in a loud voice demands something or other "on the rocks."

I can picture our beloved Editor hanging from the light fixture, and in a loud voice, comparable to Garganutua, (he was an ape, too) when he asked our Willie about "Phonetics", his answer went something like this—

"Phonetics," (so called because it enables you to phone up and say, "Guess who this is?") deals with the production, nature, and mutual relations of articulate sounds, their volume, and resonance, or timbre. In the pursuit of this study, if you lay in your cell with a broken leg, you may get to know all about sonants, spirants, and fricative gutturals. These sounds (the wubble-u is pronounced as in William) are individualized in the oral and nasal cavities by the action of the tongue or teeth. If you have noteth, for God's sake see your dentist—you look horrible.

When the Editor had finished his story about our Blonde Willie, it was my misfortune to laugh. He raved and jumped up and down. Finally, with an evil look in his jaundiced eye, asked me for the definitions of the following words: dor, money, jitter-bug, psychiatrist, nursery, dark ages, diploma, so I gave him the answers as follows:

Door— Something kids always get a bang out of.

Money— What does not grow on sprees, either.

Jitter-bug— A girl who chews gum and is wrigley all over.

Phsychiatrist— A mind sweeper.

Nursery— A bawl park.

Dark ages— Knight-time.

Diploma— The man who fixes the kitchen sink.

The Ranting, Raving Marshall.

The Marshall quotes:

Most prison walls are purposely not built to scale.

There are some newspapers whose solitary interest is of a monetary philosophy. They forget the gigantic moral weapon with which they are entrusted. Abuse in any field is expected in a slight degree, but newspapers have a responsibility beyond and above the ordinary rules laid down for any business or representative society. They must be right! They must be honest! No one can expect more of a newspaper. But when they are corrupt, vindictive and abusive, they lose all rightful recognition as a medium of public good and trust.

WE FINALLY CAUGHT HIM

The Marshall

FOR some time we have been looking for a good, solid inmate in C.B. to be our Sports writer. The Editor was about to give up. On Wednesday he was on his way to the Stores when a Dodge truck just about eliminated his pocket: red hankie and all. "Well, sir" man-mountain Charlie Downs (often known as the wild bull of the Pampas — half-size) turned and said...then faced the wretched driver of the truck. Seeing that it was Phil McQuade, he sort of hesitated. Phil used to swing a mean ball bat.

After a few moments of cogitation, the Editor decided rather than break Phil in half, he would torture him to death. Soooo — Charles appointed Phil the Sports Writer of the Diamond. And, dear reader, that can be torture because Bill and myself have been enduring his ravings for months!

On Sunday I ran into Phil prior to going up to get his orders from Big Boy Charles and told him that one way to stay on the good side of our dear Editor (the dear is loosely thrown in) is to talk about hard beverages. After about fifteen minutes, casually dropped into the office, saw Bill Jones sitting in one corner drooling like a Cheshire cat over a bowl of 38% cream, the Editor looking at Phil with that "tell me more" look, and Phil was sure selling himself. Thought I would copy it down, and it goes like this.

"Yes Charles, its a sure heat-killer. My uncle Bungstarter was a moonshiner way up in them thar hills of Kaintucky and just before he died of acute pernicious alcoholic anemia—its a rare disease when the water cells eat the alcohol cells or something—he told me the secret of his Mint Juleps. First, you must

have a set of metal cups. Dip the cups in clear water and lemon juice and freeze in the freezer compartment. Then get some choice green mint leaves and gently maul several in the bottom of the cups, along with a teaspoonful of powdered sugar. Touch rim of cup with fresh lemon, then fill to brim with fine crushed ice, then slowly pour a goodly amount of Uncle Bungstarter Bourbon, sprinkle with powdered sugar and mint leaves. The second round it is possible you may forget a few touches. Lemon around the rim is not necessary and you can smash mint with a couple of jabs. Just grab ice cubes instead of crushed ice, and slosh the bourbon in right from the bottle. Don't forget the cups, and toss a couple of mint leaves on top — then serve it.

The third round is about the simplest — merely add bourbon to what is left in the glass or cup. If more guests arrive, plug holes in small flower-pots.

The fourth serving is the best if you go back to the original method. Place one half-dozen quarts in freezer until chilled. Maul several ice cubes in glasses, cups or flower-pots (plugged) and fill to brim with lightly crushed bourbon, sprig guests with mint leaves, and dust self with powdered sugar...."

Our Editor, dear old Charlie, got up from his chair, staggered to the cold water tap, saying "If this isn't Budweiser, I'll join A.A." Bill Jones was out cold over the typewriter, and our new sports-writer Phil McQuade, had a string on a pencil, fishing in our aquarium, and was muttering to himself "the next time I'll really run over him." As for me — well, being a rye drinker, I took off for the kitchen. 'Bye now.

•••••

Education makes people easy to lead, but difficult to drive; easy to govern, but impossible to enslave.

Anon.

A really great man is known by three signs— generosity in the design, humanity in the execution, moderation in success.

Bismarck.

No man has come to true greatness who has not felt in some degree that his life belongs to his race, and what God gives him he gives him for mankind.

Phillips Brooks.

Show Business

By Rocco Morissetti

HERE, on Sunday March 25th, Collin's Bay was the scene of an Easter Show. Mr. H. Field started the proceedings by introducing the producer Mr. Joe Woodhouse, who also acted as Master of Ceremonies.

The opening number presented the North Country Ramblers from Watertown, New York — a group specializing in western music, and headed by Freddie Angel. Such numbers as Dear John (the current favorite in The Bay), Feed 'Em In The Evening Blues, The Waltz You Saved For Me, Cow-Cow Boogie and Make Believe were well presented, and the vocalist was a local boy, Gordie Johnson. Here is a great and promising young singer. The act was enjoyed by all.

Next we had the pleasure of hearing Lieut. Arthur who is a mouth organ virtuoso. He rendered Smoke Gets In Your Eyes, Body and Soul, and Twelfth Street Rag. The good Lieutenant is a master of the harmonica, and we really liked his efforts.

The ever-popular Rolly Hutchins, who is no stranger to Bay inmates, sang Prisoner of Love, The Birth of The Blues and Love is a many splendoured thing in his usual engaging manner and this act, too, was a hit. Hurry back Rolly!

Jack Graham followed Rolly, and here is a young man loaded with talent. This tenor gave out with Sea Fever, Have a Banana and Bonnie Lassie. Mrs. Cynthia Davis was piano accompanist and the two were a great act, great voice and talented pianist.

The Innes Sisters, Annabelle and Roberta—beautifully dressed as always, enchanted the audience. Annabelle sang Tenderly and as an encore, Autumn Leaves. Then, joined by Roberta, the duet sang Sisters, I wonder Why and Little Old Mill. They were accompanied by John Taylor. Here is real talent, dear readers, worthy of any big city: these gals are really tops.

Something new to The Bay, and still flushed with success after completing a triumphal

tour of such great centres as Gananoque, Trenton, Deseronto and Napanee, we were delighted to find next on stage "The Collegiaires". This group consists of eight cats and a kitten. Boy — what a group. Here is rythm out of this world. All students of Queens University, they are Miss Jo Smith and Messrs. Howie Monette, Dave Nairn, Pete Masson, Paul Haynes, Ron Barnum, Dick McCutcheon, Doug McIlraith and Dave Haggerty. Though young, they show tremendous promise and are possessed of smooth stage presence. We more than appreciate their visit, coming as it did at mid-term exams. To you, Miss Smith and fellows — thanks a million — we shall never forget you. The songs they sang were Seventeen, Lullaby of Birdland, Moments to Remember, You'll Never Walk Alone, Shake, Rattle and Roll — (and how they did) — and topped off with The Drinking Song from The Student Prince. Applause continued for repeated encores.

Another sensational group were The Queenstones, also from Queens University, and comprised of Messrs. Bob Pedkarney and Larry McCarthy, Lorne Aldworth and Grant Belyea. They presented Honey Love, Its a Blue World, Memories are made of this, and Are You Having Any Fun. To our thinking their rendition of Dangerous Dan McGrew was the finest ever heard — it was excellently given. Their jokes were really something, too. Flash to all you T.V. scouts in Toronto and Montreal. Here is something you talent-hungry scouts are overlooking: these boys are absolutely the most. It will be just our luck to have them — like all top talent — signed up by some American outfit.

Whoopee, yippy yi yay — another western group. Pardner, hold my hoss. This pair, Freddie Easter and Jimmy Brook had me walking bowlegged. They sang You Blacked my Blue Eyes once too often and I Have Those Tears in my eyes from lying on my back. These boys were very good — fact is for two days I could hear my spurs jangle when I walked.

Joe Woodhouse never did finish the story he started because of interruptions from a clown by the name of Bill Newman, and Joe's jokes are still being quoted around Casa Collins.

Each group seemed to be trying to outdo the others with jokes, and this contest really reached a new high for The Bay. We are still hearing them second-hand.

Mr. Alphonse McCue, a man we all look forward to hearing, made an appearance but as he had no accompanist with him, he did not sing. But remember this, Phonse, we are always

glad to see you.

Mr. Dick Edney took an active part as accompanist and his efforts were thoroughly appreciated. The lighting was supplied by Mr. Fred Bendell of Kingston. Mr. Bendell has always been very kind and co-operative along this line but in this particular instance we owe him a great deal. He donated his time and equipment and despite the fact that both his arms were in casts, due to fractures caused by a fall on the ice, he worked hard and continued to smile. Our deepest thanks go to Mr. Bendell.

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WHAT I THINK

Garry D. Harding

NOT being a qualified tabloid writer, I can't make this article as colourful as others. This way, though, it may be accepted for what it really is — just a con's viewpoint.

As you probably know, the hometown paper sometimes publishes articles which are not accepted in the way they were meant to be, when read by an individual reader. Well, the Diamond is our 'hometown' paper and the same situation often arises here. After each publication a lot of us are not satisfied with some of the articles written about conditions here in the institution. When a beef is raised, though, the answer is usually "if you can do better, the job is yours." This is a very foolish statement since the men now editing the Diamond are considered by the majority here as the most capable men for the job. By the same token, since the editors are our representatives, they should always remember that the Diamond is a family-owned paper and that ALL the articles on prison conditions should represent the viewpoint of the MAJORITY — unless they are written by an inmate and it is stated IN the article that the opinions expressed are his alone.

** ** **

Punishment as a method of control of that great bulk of delinquent parents whose contributing consists mainly of acts of omission . . . failure to teach, train and supervise the child from the cradle on up . . . is so impracticable as to be worthless, and it appears quite useless to attempt it.

Judge Paul W. Alexander

Invalid . . . A person whose good behavior is due to ill health.

Telegram

EDITOR'S MUSINGS

LOOKS from where we stand as though from now on we shall have o devote plenty of space to baseball and other summer sports. This year has all the earmarks of being a real sport summer. The league is shaping up well in the way of teams and the baseball commissioners are already chosen—Marshall Tripp, F. Marsden and J. Thompson. These lads are well-know and we know through their efforts we shall have a great season.

There is quite a lot of talk of having an exhibition hard-ball game to see how hard-ball works out: this is merely in the formative stage however, so we shall just wait and see.

One of our population is quite an artist and he is working in chalk. After the picture is completed he sprays the complete work with lacquer, thus sealing his colours. Most of his subjects are chosen from Greek mythology, and the ones we have seen are indeed wonderful. However, like so many other artists, his sales are small and so his scope is limited through lack of cash.

The headquarters and property of a very well-know radical newspaper were seized in New York recently for failure to pay taxes. We have checked our records very carefully and can find no evidence of even having been billed, so maybe we are secure.

A famous Toronto columnists recently mentioned in his column that he had received a letter from an inmate of a penitentiary some time back. He also wrote the man had requested assistance in securing employment. He could do nothing for him; however on his release he had gained employment on his own and is now doing famously.

There must be many cases of success among the many ex-members of our community. With this in mind, and always wanting to put the successful ex-inmate in the spotlight, we are going to feature some articles along this line. The men whom we use as examples will be, of course, anonymous. But merely because a man has served a sentence is no reason why he can not make a success of his life on his release.

We have been successful in convincing Ralph Parkes that he should do a few articles

for us, and in this issue you shall meet his first effort for us: it is on parole and is very timely.

There is to be a new hobbycraft showcase put up in the Visitors Room— this is a great move. We sincerely hope it will be large enough so the finished articles may be displayed to advantage. There are many visitors during the course of a week and proper display should stimulate trade.

Rumours are flying like saucers around our walled city: they deal with the new parole system and more time off for good behaviour. These two much needed changes have been under study by a commission for two and a half years. To clear up all the loose talk—the changes are to be recommended to the Government in two months time. Recommended, that is, not passed and made law. However, it is in the formative stage and it is pleasant to think that something is being done.

We received a letter yesterday from an ex-inmate, a man who served three years here: he is married now and doing very well. He said in his letter he has been out three years and he has been steadily employed. He sent greetings to everyone here and says he thinks of us all every day. Renewed his subscription to the Diamond at the same time.

A clipping from a prominent Toronto daily newspaper gave us quite a shock. A man was refused a drain-layer's license because of the fact that at one time he had harboured a criminal — his own son. His debt to society had been paid by virtue of serving a nine month's sentence. Now, while attempting to get a license toward an honest living, he is refused. a man go to gain lawful employment. Is the Makes us wonder how far the trade scale must verdict of this Board an exception to the old judicial saying 'why don't you get yourself an honest job?' We expect to hear more along this line.

Today, Sunday April 22nd, sees the first of our organised baseball games, and although the weather is inclement, a large turn-out is expected. Most of our All Stars from last year, who are left in Casa Collins, will participate.

Listen Here

I AM "THE EAR"

By Buddy Bluster

Ah me, with this lovely weather I feel inclined to wax poetic! however, having no poetries to wax, I shall remove the wax from my ear and say "Happy Spring, Everyone" and particularly to all you frustrated writers — may you never wax weary. Now enough of the wax — let's get down to the facts....A certain Irishman who best remain unnamed was recently handed a map of Israel and told to locate his birthplace. This to us is the height of something or other....what shoemaker was disturbed by the request played for him by some of his friends? And why did he suddenly become allergic to milk? I can afford this because I am well shod....How come Cecil and Harry are giving Arab Smitty so many frowns? Could it be the Harvard trainers that Smitty is sending overseas?...Congratulations to Ricky Windsor re his new appointment. Lots of luck in your new job Rick....Say thar Hank, and I do mean you, disc jockey, please lay off the hill-billy music — even I, The Ear, am getting fed up. My earphones call out to me to put a saddle on them so we can well imagine how the intellectuals feel... Who is Harry the Horse's new friend, or should I mention this?....Whats this I hear about Sammy trying to get next to one of the Ball Commissioners to make the major league? You had trouble trying to keep your minor standing last year, Sam...Pull your socks up McCarthy...The Editor has a new pair of trousers — I wonder who he knows in the Change Room, and did the holidays hold up their delivery?....I wonder if The Marshall finally got his books straightened up — or does the Change Room realize that he may be getting practice for his return to society?....I wonder what Bill Jones does with his tobacco — he runs out so soon after Canteen day. Is there a Ford in his future? However now that he is working in the Diamond office anything can happen....The Cabin Boy is quite an active little character since he got his new job, but remember — the ear sees everything — more next month from me to you, ahoy!....Jock, the cat, was heard to remark 'Boy — at times

one would think this was a young ladies' finishing school the things some of these characters complain about — talk about a dog's life, some of these people should try leading a cat's lives'...The amateur gardeners are certainly busy these days and there should be some real displays this year around the various shops. As usual the plumbing shop has a couple of ardent horticulturists employed there....Little Jake the committee man had a fast double cross pulled on him by his chum MacSan the other day, seems he had a joke all set to pull on MacSan and had the tables reversed on himself....I shall say Goodbye to Humphrey this issue and wish him the best of luck, he is probably the fattest poet in Canada but I always enjoyed his stuff, the poetry page will miss him....Old Pappy Morgan is still holding out, he claims he will not play ball this season, I have weed that says he will weaken in mid-season....Schmiel was in to see the staff t'other day and dropped some heavy stories about some of his outside acquaintances, this boy must have really got around and he certainly has a grand way of telling a story....We will soon be saying Adios to Fuses Fields, he informed me the other morning that his love has moved but he had the change of address. I feel I am first to have this news....Hungry H. is back on the plumbing gang, saw him carrying a monkey wrench this morning....It is interesting to watch friendships blossom like the new flowers in Spring, enjoy their brief summer, and then wither with the Autumn — then go into the Winter of dead friendship. 'Tis well said that you never get to know anyone in jail....Eddie M. will soon be leaving us and it is a truism when I say I shall miss his smiling face. Does it not strike you as strange that the people you like most you are most loath to see depart and the people you dislike it gives you pleasure to see their backs. Actually it should be reversed ...I wonder who it is that is constantly sending in requests to Mort in the kitchen — come, come Mort, is there something we don't know? ...And speaking of the kitchen, I had the pleasure of a conversation with Fritsley the chef and he informed me that he knows two hundred and ten ways to cook beans. Forget the two hundred and nine and just give them to us right once ...I notice a lot of new radio equipment going into the radio room. What are you going to do with all this new machinery Al?

God sends meat, the devil sends cooks.
Charles VI

What is the World Coming To?

THE title may sound a bit prosaic, and the reader will think — and may even say it out loud — “the same old bunk.” So before you turn the page or throw The Diamond into the fireplace or file 13 (the wastebasket), read the rest of the magazine and then come back to this article. It may have a couple of points you did not know about.

I can still recall a few years ago an old friend of mine saying “this is a hard and tough old world,” and very few people get out of it alive.” The problem of philosophy, of life, death, and of eternity, had not yet troubled me too greatly — everything was going very well with few worries. Of late, with a little time on my hands, I have been thinking along new channels.

I have been wondering if anyone ever did get out of the world alive. Back in the old days when I first heard my friend remark about getting out of the world alive — that was, of course, before the days of spacemen dreamers and rocket-travel planners — I just could not imagine living beings being able to stand travel to the nearest heavenly body, the moon. And what would they do if they did get there?

The rapid strides and modes of transportation now are unprecedented in the world’s history. Never before have men been able to travel at speeds over 700 miles per hour in the air. Trains have travelled at 120 miles per hour, and great ocean liners cross the oceans at speeds up to and over 40 miles per hour. Do you realize that in the early 1800s members of the British Parliament argued that a man could not stand being hurled through the air at the terrific speed of 15 miles an hour? It was at about the same time in the United States that a society was formed to prevent railroads — they felt that the human form could not stand the strain. Recently I read where the engineer of a great manufacturing plant claims that planes are expected to attain the speed of 22,000 miles per hour, going around the world in one hour and a half! It is thought that an air speed of 12,000 miles per hour is not too far distant.

In 1904 some leading financiers warned that the automobile industry was over-expanded and facing bankruptcy. About 23,000 vehicles were made that year. Today that number are turned out in one day! In the same year, 1904, an automobile created a lot of excitement when it made a 93-mile trip non-stop from New York City to Waterbury, Connecticut. It averaged 13 miles an hour. Thirty-five years later John R. Cobb drove his “Railton Red Lion” at 369.7 miles per hour on Bonneville Flats, Utah.

Take present-day air travel. You can be walking the streets of San Francisco on the same day that you left New York in a luxurious plane. It was just about 52 years ago that the Wright Brothers made the first flight.

Let us realize that it is not mere chance that all these things have come to pass in our day. It is all part of God’s plan. This time in which we live was foretold in the Bible in scriptures twenty-five hundred years ago. We read Daniel 12:4 “Thou, O Daniel, shut up the words, and seal the book, even to the time of the end: many shall run to and fro, and the knowledge increased.”

Yes, dear reader, we can marvel at the new automobiles, the streamlined trains, radios, television, and the many electrical devices far too numerous to mention. Remember they are but the fulfillment of Biblical prophecy.

For thousands of years before this generation was born, there was little advance in science and invention, but suddenly all was changed. This old world seemed to awaken from its lethargy, it seemed that a new era was upon us: discoveries were being made in every field of science. Then came labour-saving devices, then rapid means of getting to and fro.

Success rewarded the scientists because God has planned it so. Seemingly, God has a purpose in making all these various methods of travel and communication in our time. There is not the slightest doubt in my mind that there is an ultimate reason behind all this. Maybe we should spend a little time reasoning out just why. I have my own thoughts on the matter, and now I wonder what you think?

A HELPING HAND.

Bill Huddlestine

THE problem of a man's money, upon leaving prison, has been discussed many times but, as far as I can see, no one has as yet hit upon an idea that seems to work. I feel the answer may well lie in this article.

It seems that the biggest problem is to get over the first two or three weeks after leaving prison. Once over this hump, the man can be, as a rule, self-sufficient. Many men claim that had they been able to start work at once they could have been able to stay on the straight and narrow. When asked what had hindered them from following this course, the answers invariably brought out the almost insurmountable barriers facing them in the first week, viz:-

- (A) Lack of cash
- (B) Refusal of living accommodation because of absence of luggage
- (C) Unsuitable clothing

Obviously the first reason outlined is the most important, and if this situation could be rectified, the other two could be eliminated. I do not, however, propose to waste my time in arguing for a larger separation grant than is presently provided, but make alternative suggestions which are constructive and economical. In each instance I will preface my suggestion with an illustration, and deal with (B) and (C) above.

ILLUSTRATION:

I have just been released from a penitentiary and, arrived at my destination, seek a room in a modestly good and respectable district. Despite my ability to pay the required advance rent from a rather lean wallet, the absence of baggage immediately prejudices the prospective landlord and it marks me as a transient. I am told that permanent guests are desired here and advised to look elsewhere for more suitable accommodation.

SUGGESTION:

The Federal Government could purchase, very cheaply, suitable materials for

manufacture in their own institution work shops into serviceable bags of the week-end type, and have one given to each man upon release. In each bag could be enclosed a razor, blades, tooth brush and powder, a towel and soap. The cost is little, the need great, and the result could only be good.

ILLUSTRATION:

I have succeeded in renting a room, securing an interview and position as truck-driver for some construction project. The foreman has asked me to report for work in the morning. Do I show up in my business suit and white shirt? This I cannot do without causing curiosity — and possibly investigation — and these I cannot afford.

SUGGESTION:

The Federal Government could purchase blue denim and cloth and, in their institution tailor shop, have work clothes made and give one outfit to each man upon his release if he wanted it. Coupled with the street clothes with which he is provided, the man would be suitably prepared for the job he may have to do.

The relatively small — but ever-growing group — genuinely interested in a man's welfare, carefully considers and weighs the complaints of an ex-inmate. To this group we appeal on moral grounds. To the larger — but slowly-shrinking-number who shrug off the same complaints as "just excuses" we make an offer. The articles would cost about five dollars per man — the same cost as his maintenance in prison for one day. Here is our "time is money" plan:-

TIME	COST
IN	\$5.00 DAILY
OUT	\$5.00 ONCE

Sounds like a mighty fine money-saving speculation to us. It MAY not work but if five dollars spent means five thousand saved — I'll go along with that. Even old flint-hard Scrooge, if he were living, would give that one a whirl.

When a man begins to understand himself, he begins to live. When he begins to live, he begins to understand his fellow man. Mountain Echoes (Manitoba Pen.)



PERUSING THE PENAL PRESS



THE PATHFINDER, (Saskatchewan Pen.)

First of all, congratulations on your Fifth Anniversary, five years of service on the Penal Press. Orchids to you on The Observation Post and its brief article on "segregation." This subject has been sadly overlooked, and we would like to see Gordon A. Boehner do a full feature on this subject. We must admit our staff are all in favor of segregating certain types. We look forward to each issue and are pleased that we too see so many things in the same light.

THE BEACON, (Dorchester, N.B.)

We enjoyed your editorial on Circumstantial Evidence, and agree wholeheartedly. Remember, fellows, every drop helps to fill the bucket. We notice that you carry a question. We feel this is one of the finest vehicles to get true, down-to-earth answers on various subjects from our populations. Do you notice how the fellows who have the most to say about everything in general have very little to say when you put the question to them? Or are we the only ones suffering from this?

THE COLONY, (Commonwealth of Mass.)

The delinquent parent — how true, how true. We agree with this wholeheartedly. How about more along this line? Mexicans, how they live, by John O'Leary. (Adonde viva usted señor O'Leary!) We enjoy John O'Leary's stuff — his presentations are well founded, as is your whole magazine.

SKYTOWER NEWS, (Commonwealth of Ken.)

Greetings to Martha F. We enjoyed your little Spring poem and can see that you are a connoisseur of fine poetry. We feel your shop coverage is a good idea and admire the way you present your coming movie attractions.

RAIFORD RECORD, (Florida State Prison)

Your covers are always good and act as perfect antheses for real penal press reading. Your open letter to the readers of the Raiford Record is really something. They all sit back and criticise verbally but when it comes to suggesting something useful, what lovely silence. Your editorial reprint "Can Society Be Rehabilitated" gives heavy food for deep thought. We enjoy your efforts — keep 'er coming.



THE SEAGOZETTE, (F.C.I., Segoville, Texas)

Your reprint from The Presidio "He Is A Convict" caught our eye, and our only comment — isn't it the truth! Another good reprint we enjoyed was titled "Are Convicts Human?" written by Gladys D. — this is good penal press. We also enjoy your notes and comment. Keep 'er coming.

THE CLOCK, (State of Idaho)

How apt is your illustration of Justice! If only all penal press were on the same path. We enjoy each of your issues and all we have for you is praise. Your little cartoons are always timely.

PAAHAO PRESS, (Territory of Hawaii)

Your Warden's reference to your institution as "our house" reflects a nice spirit, and his comparison to eggs could not be equalled. We enjoyed your poetry page very much and we always get a quiet snicker from your joke page. Nice press!

STRAY SHOTS, (Fort Leavenworth, Kansas)

"The Alamo" by A.C. Gould proves to us that Texans were as big in 1836 as they are today. We liked your little Seventeenth of March insertion. We wonder if Ireland has not contributed a major part of Texas population. What do you think?

LANEDEALE NEWSY NEWS, Rockway City, Iowa

"No Way Out" by Marion C. fits so many of our fellow time-servers that we feel you are one of us, and your little column "Tell Me Why" — how nice it would be to know all the answers to this column. Anita L. writes some very nice poetry and we would like to see more from her. Yes, we like your little magazine — even though you don't agree with us! 'Bye now.

THE VIEWPOINT, (US Disciplinary Barracks, Lompoc, California)

What pin-ups! Egad, what pin-ups! They have held our staff up for five days — in future please send three copies. This will save not only argument but time. We enjoy your basketball page but your pin-ups — boy oh boy. Your cartoon page is very good too. Have we mentioned your pin-ups? We enjoy them very much. Your efforts are deeply appreciated and we look for your magazine monthly. Keep 'er coming.



Unless a prison is curative and makes men better, it has no more right to exist than does a hospital which would maim and cripple its patients, and turn them out a greater burden to the community than when they entered.

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Some people's money does not go to their heads, the government takes most of it.

- SPORTS IN THE BAY -

With Phil McQuade and Jerry Goy

This, the month of May, ushers in many sporting activities we all look forward to. Before we get into the reporting of them, however, we wish to extend our thanks to Stobby and Ben who did an excellent job on these pages throughout the winter months when there was little going on from which they could gather their material.

They have turned over their duties at a time when the task will be much easier because of the wealth of activity that is now taking place, or will shortly be in progress.

So to Stobby and Ben go our thanks for a job well done along with the assurance that any literary gems they may find time to come up with will be welcomed on these pages.

HERE have been many and varied tournaments and contests taking place of late to help us shake the last legs of winter. The bridge tournament met with wide approval and no less than ninety five teams took part. By the diligent application and strict adherence to the teachings of the late Ely Culbertson, Baker and Bertrand from Number One Block emerged as the 1956 bridge champions. They were given stiff competition from Smith and Crowes from 2 C. Third prize was taken by Spiers and Yukas of 3 A.

The euchre matches were welcomed by even more men than took part in the bridge tournament with 150 teams (300 men) competing. Due to the fact that final eliminations would have taken us almost into the summer, it was decided to award prizes to the winners of each block. Their names are too numerous to mention here but they will by now probably have enjoyed their cigs and be looking forward to more and better games in the future.

The handball tournament saw 18 teams pair off and first prize was taken by Bill Roman and Cy. They were given a tough time of it by Art Lowery and 'Pete' Peters who although they were eliminated in two straight games, made them both so close that the outcome was in doubt right up to the final serve. The combination of Cy's bullet-like serves coupled with Bill's tricky ones kept the opposition off balance and were the deciding factors. The pre-tournament favourites 'Donny' Daniels and Joe Lowery were eliminated earlier by 'Pete' and Art in as exciting a three-game

series as has been seen around the courts in many a day. Yours truly and Bud Smith were badly out-youthed by the same twosome. Matt Campbell deserves a note of thanks for seeing that the courts were in such good condition, and under whose direction the whole tournament went off without a hitch.

Congratulations to the winners and runners-up in the various competitions. Lets hope you have a chance to defend your laurels in the near future.

There has been such widespread interest shown in the different contests that the Committee has plans for many more. So far ping-pong (or table tennis) has been approved; tennis courts have definitely been O.K'd with construction of same to be started whenever the weather permits. In the meantime it is intended to lower the net on the new volleyball court. Racquets, balls and other equipment have been purchased so you tennis enthusiasts can look forward to a few smashing sets this summer.

You of the bulging biceps have not been forgotten either — there are plans afoot to run a weight-lifting contest. It is hoped that it may be under the supervision of Mr. Edmunds, our P.T. Instructor. We all know that 'Big Jim' will be training vigorously for his cross-lake swim this year, so it will depend quite a bit on whether or not he can find the time to supervise the contest. In any case we might suggest that all Doug Hepburn fans start getting into shape.

There are going to be checkers and chess tournaments for the mental giants, and the Committee said they will be glad to hear of any suggestions in regard to other matches you may have in mind.

All in all we think you will have to admit that the Committee is doing a terrific job. They are the inmates' elected representatives, and we, too, are to be congratulated for choosing them. We hope we speak for all when we say thanks to Jake Isenberg, Donnie McLean, 'Shine' O'Brien and 'Red' Snider. We can all help them to continue their good efforts by looking after the equipment and facilities at our disposal as though they were our own... because after all they are.

Something new has been added this year in the form of an Umpire School. Eighteen men are devoting their noon-hours to learning the fine points of calling the balls and strikes, under the direction of Al Corrie. Al brings to his instructor's position the enviable record of being one of the best umpires seen around the Bay since ball has been allowed. If his protégés carry away from the school any of the points that Al was noted for, then we can look forward to some well-handled ball games this year. Each of these men should be given our thanks (that is all the remuneration they get) for taking enough interest in a job that is a thankless one during ball season, but without whose services the game would be far less enjoyable. As for Corrie himself, though, it isn't too sure that thanks are in order because he can enjoy his siesta periods all summer without their being interrupted by requests to 'Come on, Al, umpire just this one game — its a crucial.'

We saw a few of the more hardy types last weekend out catching fungoes and chasing balls all over the muddy fields. I guess ball season is really upon us for another year. By the time this issue reaches you there will probably have been try-outs, eliminations and maybe even an exhibition game or two over and done with, but at this time the selection of Commissioners and Managers for the coming season has just been completed.

It has been the practice in previous years to have a major and minor league Commissioner entirely separate from one another. This year both leagues will be under the auspices of a three-man commission, namely Fred Marsden, Marsh Tripp and Joe Thompson. Each is famous in his own right. Fred is no stranger to the higher echelon of baseball bus-

iness, having been commissioner of that imitable Collin's Bay League in 1953. Joe also has proved himself here: last year he was player, manager and commissioner respectively. Marsh's background is not quite so clear. We do understand, though, that he has 'worked' in an advisory capacity with the various Brooklyn Dodger managers in all of their world series attempts, with the exception of last year.

After careful scrutiny the Commissioners chose the following men as Major League Managers: Bob Willsie, Ross Church, Adam Laing, Ralph Lundrigan

Of these men all but one should be familiar to us, having managed or participated in former years. However, the fellow whom we haven't seen in action before comes well recommended. With these men running the teams there can't help but be some good games this year.

Bob Willsie in his first year at the helm will provide plenty of inspiration to his teammates. He was one of our better catchers last year.

Ross Church, the perennial winning manager, should come up with the usual and is already campaigning among the last year's players who are still around.

Ralph Lundrigan should not be taken lightly. If he can persuade his team to equal a few performances the like of which he showed himself capable of last year, both at the bat and on the field, they should be in there when the pennant is being decided.

Adam Laing, last but not necessarily least, while unknown to the writer, should provide competition of the calibre we like to see. We understand he has managed a team at the Wash and he may turn out to be the dark horse of the year.

So with the major-league managers, the three-man commission, Donnie and Jake of the Sports Committee running things, it looks as though we can look forward to a good year in the majors.

The Minor League, not to be outdone, came up with four managers that should ensure spirited competition. They are:—

Phil Tessier, Art Lowery, Bill Polley and Bill Pheasant.

Their first names will probably be the only things in harmony by the time the end of the year rolls around. None of the above men should need any introduction to most of us,

all having been around for quite a few days.

Phil Tessier should know ball — he blew enough weed last year betting against the Sinners. Better the man, though, who can profit from his experiences, and he empathically states that he is going to get even this year by coming up with a team that will take all the marbles. Art Lowery may have something to say about this. He has been around for the last couple of years and having come only close in the handball tournament, wants to redeem himself and has hopes of piloting his team through the whole season without a loss to mar its record.

Bill Polley will need to be reckoned with as his big bat would be an asset to any team in any league. If he intends to play as well as manage, we can only say that the other teams had better teach their fielders to play them off the wall.

Bill Pheasant, who has long been around the diamonds, informs us that he has a secret weapon to use if the going gets too rough. He feels that it won't be necessary to bring it into play as he will be far ahead of the pack come pennant day.

The Minors appear to be in good hands and much can be expected in the way of entertainment from this league during the year.

When we refer to the Minor League it is not intended to imply that those who play here are of any lesser ability than those who play in the majors. There must, of necessity, be a proving ground for unknown players and the Minor League serves in this capacity. After the season gets under way and teams selected

it has been the practice to place all incoming players into this league until they have proved their worth. There, if their abilities warrant it, they are invited to play in the Majors. In many cases the players themselves feel there is more fun to be had in the Minors and so of their own accord remain there. It has long been felt that the minors of each league should play off against the other. This hasn't been followed through to date but it might prove interesting, even embarrassing, if it were.

The list of potential ball players has been posted. One hundred and thirty-four names appeared on it: added to these can be another twenty or thirty who only need the healing rays of a late Spring sun, along with the sweet sound of a well-hit ball, to remind them that maybe those old bones can stand 'just one more season.' Not the least of these is Lloyd (Pappy) Morgan. We think he means it even less than usual, as he only bet three bales he wouldn't toe the mound this year. So lets go Pappy — how about a little moral support?

Heard a rumour while listening at the Committee Room key-hole that there may be gala opening-day festivities. Permission for Drum Majorettes to come in hasn't been O.K'd but the Committee is holding out. Nothing definite as yet. Whenever the commissioner-in-charge-of-weather decides to let us get under way this rumour will be proved either fact or fancy.

We are indebted to Mr. Charles Tynn and Mr. T.J. Shaunessey of A.G. Spalding and Bros. of Canada Ltd. for the pictures of the 1954 and 1955 world series. They were enjoyed by all, gentlemen — thank you very much.

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A SUGGESTION

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Institutions for delinquent youngsters should be staffed with teams similar to child guidance clinics. Since the youngsters live in close group associations the professional group worker is an essential part of this team. For too long a time we have either neglected our institutions for delinquents, or we have thought that an hour interview of an expert will help the youngsters. Professional services of psychiatrists, psychologists, caseworkers are indispensable, but they will be lost if the people who work daily and hourly with the boys are not directed toward the basic therapeutic aim of restoring in the youth a feeling of self-respect and a warmth toward other human beings.

Gisela Konopka



Mail Box

The Editor,
C.B. Diamond
Dear Sir:

May I, on behalf of The Parents Action League, congratulate the writer of the article "Our Feelings". We heartily agree with many points in the article, especially segregation and treatment of offenders, if that is the answer to the problem. I have been a subscriber to the Diamond for some time now, and look forward to the magazine's arrival. I close with the wish "God bless you down there".

Sincerely yours,
Mrs. A. Webb,
Hamilton, Ont.

Dear Madam:

Thank you very much for your heartening letter. The article was badly misunderstood by many people who wish to misinterpret it. It was meant to be helpful, and all we can say, we felt we gave a fair solution to the problem. We thank you for your efforts on our behalf and we hope we shall continue to interest you. In closing may we thank you for the blessing, and wish you luck in your work.

Sincerely, The Editor

Dear Sir:

On February 12th I was listening to Mr. Campbell McDonald over radio station CFRA during his program "Weekly World Report". He read an article from The Collin's Bay Diamond and I am desirous of having a copy of this magazine. I wrote him for your address

and he sent me the same, along with the subscription rate. Please find enclosed the sum of One Dollar for a year's subscription, and oblige.

Mrs. R.T. Graham,
Pakenham, Ont.

Dear Madam:

By now you are in receipt of your first copy of the C.B. Diamond, and we know you are not disappointed. By now you have said "what a wonderful way to spend a dollar", and with this we heartily agree. To use a phrase oft used by our associate editor — egad! what a publication, — and believe me, he is given to gross understatement. And speaking of statements, on receiving our statement from the bank this month, we find your dollar made it solvent. And speaking of solvents, that reminds us of cleaners, and if we don't get more solvent we'll all be going to the cleaners. This sounds like a vicious circle, so may we take this opportunity to welcome you into our circle. Trusting you agree with us,

Still running around in circles,
The Editor

The Editor C.B. Diamond,
Collin's Bay, Ont.

Dear Sir:

I discussed your letter of February 29th with a Federation Executive of The Ontario Teachers Federation, and the Executive is happy to renew our subscription for nine copies of the C.B. Diamond for the coming year. The members of the Executive have found your magazine very interesting indeed.

Yours sincerely,
Nora Hodgins, Secty.-Treasurer.

Dear Miss Hodgins:

A letter bearing such an impressive title as yours, and coming from the Secretary-Treasurer of such an august Federation, raises our egos twenty-five degrees. But, seriously, we appreciate your support, and we even dare to hope that something contained in our publication may be used by your Federation. We sincerely solicit criticism from people with the qualifications your members must possess, and hope that you will not hesitate to pass along any helpful suggestions that may come your way. Now, in not so serious a vein, the nine bucks were hungrily gulped by our ever-waiting deficit, which is not so deaf. It always manages to hear, not the "Rustle of Spring" but the rustle of greenbacks. Indeed, the Diamond staff are often wont to say, in close harmony, "what an office this would be to frus-

trate a crooked accountant". The money is never here long enough to get our larcenous hands on it—in fact, it would cost him money! In parting, we give you nine rousing cheers for your nine lovely dollars (this is equivalent to a twenty-one gun salute from us.)

Frusterated,
The Editor

The Diamond,
Collin's Bay, Ont.
Dear Sirs:

I am greatly impressed with your publication. I trust it will give the public a true appreciation of what is being done by the boys in your institution to rehabilitate themselves.

Will you please convey to them that there are those of us who do not forget them, and at every meeting we mention, not only the boys in Kingston, but in all the penal institutions in all countries, regardless of colour, speech or belief. I enclose a poem from the pen of Sir Owen Seaman. It is one that has always appealed to me. Perhaps the boys might like to read it if you care to publish it.

You deserve all the outside support the public can render and for my part, three years subscription is enclosed. Keep up the good work and may God's fondest blessing be with each and every one who has perhaps just made a big mistake, and after, who hasn't?

The Rev. W. Hutchins,
Pres.

The Psychic Institute of Can.

Reverend Sir:

We are not merely using a hackneyed phrase — your letter has affected us deeply. First, by its concern: second, by the fact that strangers think of us: and third, by your mention of outside support. So we shall merely say thank you — we appreciate your thought.

Anything the public are fully acquainted with they do not fear. Our aim is to acquaint the public fully and clearly with what we are attempting to do while paying off what is commonly termed "a debt to society." We acknowledge the debt to society — that can be repaid. The debt to our Maker in many cases will take a longer repayment. This, too, can be accomplished, but being intangible, the form it should take can be at times puzzling to us mortals.

In closing, we say thanks, and God bless.
Sincerely,
The Editor

The Editor-in-Chief,
C.B. Diamond,
Collin's Bay, Ont.

Dear Sir:

I note with interest a new name on your flagstaff, namely Bill Jones. A close member of my family is presently incarcerated in the institution which houses the Diamond. Could this be the Jones that I am deeply interested in? Or is it someone using an alias? A condition from which our family suffers constantly. I am not including my address but shall avidly seek an answer through your Mail Box.

(Mrs.) Gertrude Artemas Jones 3rd

Dear Gertie:

We will willingly give you any information we have, and believe me, what little we have was hard come by. This Jones, presently employed by us, is not only sneaky but he is secretive, and at times we find ourselves using the word furtive, for lack of something better.

We have judged by your royal purple-crested notepaper and white ink that you hold an elevated position in high society, and as to the perfume that was released when the envelope was opened, it left us speechless. Sneakily we left the note where Jones could scent it and, curiously enough, he picked it up and nostalgically said "gadzooks, I'm traced". And for the rest of the day, we could do nothing with him. Not to infer that we ever could, but this particular time he was more obnoxious than usual, and believe me, dear lady, why anyone would waste a two-cent stamp to trace a person of this character, is beyond us. Unless, of course, he owed you money, and may we at this time let you in on a secret — even if he did, the two cents would be wasted, because blood from a stone is a mild comparison when it comes to money from Jones. Trusting this information will set your heart and mind at ease, we remain — with Jones.

Yours,
The Editor (Not Jones)

Dear Diamond Staff:

I want to congratulate you gentlemen on the wonderful magazine, and enjoy very much seeing its pictures and just how people spend their time in such a place as that. Keep up the good works.

Mrs. Aaron Pope,
Port Stanley, Ont.

Dear Mrs. Pope:

Many thanks for your interesting and welcome letter. We are pleased to learn from letters such as yours that our efforts are meeting with approval, and we only hope that such endeavors will continue to merit your interest and encouragement.

Sincerely, The Staff

QUALITY QUOTES from PENTENT PENS

THE REFORMATORY PILLAR (Minnesota State Reformatory) The BEACON, Dorchester, New Brunswick printed the following item which should be of interest to most of us—"An Ontario Magistrate, Mr. J.R.H. Kirkpatrick, has sentenced several convicted men to spend their nights in prison for a set period, and their days gainfully occupied with honest labor. To date none of the men have failed to meet the requirements of their punishments, nor have they failed to arrive on time each evening at the prison to be locked up. Magistrate Kirkpatrick's novel punishment is worthy of all commendation. Not only does he satisfy those who contend that punishment must follow crime, but he also ensures the prisoner's family of a continued income even though their breadwinner has a punishment to expiate. Now don't you go for this idea? I certainly do."

THE EAGLE (Reformatory for Women, Alderson, West Virginia) Rehabilitation in the institution cannot become complete until society itself begins to practice the program that it has organized in the institution for the inmate. If it is possible for us to regain our civil rights, then why can't we regain in the community the same self respect and unblemished reputation we once had?

SEAGOZETTE (Segoville, Texas) One more point. Surprising as it may seem: it is a definitely known fact that there are a goodly number of persons serving prison terms for absolutely no crime that they have committed. For even our "Trial by Jury" is far from perfect when it comes to deciding a man's guilt or innocence. And sometimes some very conclusive evidence has put the wrong man in prison, from which all processes of law at his disposal have failed to release him.

MONTHLY RECORD (State of Connecticut) But one thing about being at the bottom of the ladder and that is that there is but one direction in which to travel from there.

THE FORUM (Nebraska State Pen) A person's attitude can make the difference between his success and failure. This is not to say that a person who has a positive attitude is always successful and happy, or that a person who has a negative attitude is always unsuccessful and disappointed. The weight of experience, however, shows that people who meet their situations in life with an affirmative attitude are far more likely to succeed and be happy than those who do not.

THE HARBINGER (Hutchinson, Kansas) It is

common to say, when a man has committed a crime that he must "pay his debt to society." And it is common to believe that he pays this debt by being imprisoned.

Nothing could be more illogical, and this fallacy is chiefly what is wrong with our penal system. A man can't pay a debt to society by sitting in prison. On the contrary it is society that pays for the crime by paying to feed, clothe and supervise the prisoner. And the debt to society only becomes bigger when the criminal, sitting behind bars, eating off society, learns new tricks of the criminal trade, to be applied at even greater hazard to society, once he gains his freedom.

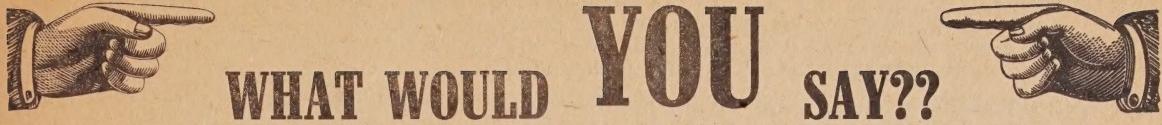
AGRICOLA (London, Ohio) The boycotter, or the man who does malicious mischief in any form, may be punished; but this violation of personal rights remain unredressed, unless a spasmodic public sympathy assumes the burden of righting them by general subscription. The one object of our criminal system seems to be the punishment of the wrong-doer; and it seems to consider the restoration or satisfaction of individual rights as a mere incident, which may or may not occur, without affecting the success of its legitimate work.

VIEWPOINT (Lompoc, California) Naturally, when you are on your own in civilian life, you can pick and choose your friends and associates. But in any form of regimented life this privilege is no longer available. You have, then, to reshape your values in regards to other people. It becomes necessary to look beyond the superficial (and often erroneous) impressions gained by first meetings and make a more honest and complete effort to understand the other fellow and what he stands for.

THE CLOCK (State of Idaho) In the opinion of THE EVERGREEN staff, far too many penal publications waste time yapping at society. "The pound of flesh is reasonable. The penalty may not suit the crime and some person more fortunate than you may have received a lighter sentence for a more severe crime, but brother, you are going to pay your pound of flesh whether you like it or not." We say: GOOD PENAL PRESS.

MOUNTAIN ECHOES (Manitoba Penitentiary) If you can't take criticism, you may be resentful and try to turn the blame away from yourself by accusing the other person of being stupid or dismiss him as a jealous faultfinder. You may defend yourself so grimly that your weaknesses stand out clearly and the more violently you react, the surer you can be that the criticism is justified. It's as if someone had bumped a sore spot on your arm making you susceptible at your weakest point, but if you can take adverse comments in stride, you have learned to look at yourself critically and know your sore spots and aren't so upset when an outsider touches upon one.

BEACON (Dorchester Penitentiary) That prisoners serving more than ten months get regular leaves from Swedish prisons. After a man has served six months he is eligible for a 48-hour pass. Four months after that he is eligible for a 72-hour pass. Prisoners have only to "behave themselves reasonably in prison" to be eligible.



WHAT WOULD YOU SAY??

WHAT CHANGES WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE MADE IN THE REMISSION SERVICE?

FIRST ANSWER:— Inmate, age 30, Serving 3 years: I would like to see a Parole Board set up. This is my third sentence — the two previous ones were spent in reformatories. I have never been granted parole nor received a suspended sentence, and I am quite sure if I had the opportunity of talking to a Parole Board I would have a better chance of getting out before my time is up. I am like many fellows in here — I find it impossible to adequately express myself on paper, and I am quite sure many lads here feel the same way. If I may bore you further may I suggest the Board be composed of the following: An experienced Protestant Minister, a Roman Catholic Priest, a lawyer, and a trained Sociologist, preferably a woman. I am quite confident a group like this would be hard to fool. Merely a suggestion but thanks for giving me the opportunity.

SECOND ANSWER:— Inmate, age 35, Serving 5 years: Thats quite a question, and I have given it some thought, strangely enough before you asked me. I would like to see the sentencing Magistrates and Judges take sufficient interest in the men they have sentenced to ask for periodic reports on their progress. They have prescribed the remedy much in the case of a medical man called into an illness —why shouldn't they be interested in the imprisoned man's progress? And if they are convinced by the reports from the institution, why would it not be possible for them to recommend a man's release on a ticket of leave? This I am sure would decrease the amount of bitterness that many ex-inmates are apt to develop and render a great service to the community as a whole. Seems funny someone else hasn't thought of it.

THIRD ANSWER:— Inmate age 24, Serving 2 years: I don't think there is much use asking me. I have no home to go to, my work record is poor on the outside, and even though I fully intend to go straight on my release, I am confident that under the present system, I shall serve my full term. But I feel that I have as much chance of going straight as the man who has a home to go to. I would like to see cases like this given consideration because it all begins with the man himself: as a matter of fact they say rehabilitation starts the day of arrest — if you are going to be rehabilitated.

FOURTH ANSWER:— Inmate, age 43, Serving 2 years: In my opinion a beneficial change would be a Board of Review, or possibly a Federal Penitentiary Parole Board. Under the present system it is done entirely by letter, and an all-written application cannot give a full, true picture. By the Parole System, the Board would see the applicant and be better able to pass judgment: also the inmate would have the opportunity to fully explain himself regarding his personal reasons for wanting Parole.

This question is really one that I have wanted to see in print, and sincerely hope the people in the 'outside' will digest this question. Your Slogan 'prisoners are people' calls for fair play and improvement along the lines of rehabilitation. Thanks for asking me: my full opinion would be far too lengthy for printing in your magazine.

FIFTH ANSWER:— Inmate, age 41, Serving 2½ years: In my opinion the present system — if there is one — of remissions is a farce: the application must be made in writing and the sentencing Magistrate or Judge must express their feelings on the application BEFORE it is considered by Ottawa. While my sentence is not too long to cause the Magistrate to forget me at the half-way mark, he has certainly had many hundreds of others before him since me and has only print on which to base his opinions. I should strongly suggest that a Parole Board be set up to visit every Federal penitentiary monthly at which time all men who have completed half time appear before them in person and state their reasons for requesting consideration for parole: the Board to have before them the work, conduct and habits sheets of these men: the custodial officers in charge of the men present to argue pro and con in the presence of the inmates. Within thirty days of the meeting, each inmate who has appeared should be told whether he has or has not been granted a parole and the reasons why if he has not. I feel such a Board would be impartial and unbiased and regardless of their decision, the inmate would have a sense of having had a fair hearing: also of knowing WHY he was turned down. No one likes to be told NO without a reason.

SIXTH ANSWER:— Inmate age 23, Serving 2 years: I am not interested — I know I am not going to make it, so why talk about it. You ask me why I take this attitude? My past record would stop me from making it. This is my first time in a penitentiary but I have been all through the minor leagues! Well, if you insist, I think it should be based on what a man is attempting to do, and his outlook, not his past record. But thanks for asking me anyway. Don't tell any of my friends that I have been discussing tickets.

SEVENTH ANSWER:— Inmate age 38, Serving 3 years: Ah, I'm glad you asked me. I just got a

turn-down : this doesn't bother me because I didn't expect to get a ticket-of-leave anyway, but I certainly would have felt better if I had had the opportunity of facing a live Board. I feel I could have solicited some interest from at least one Member and perhaps had he or she say a word to the others for me. However with the way it is now I shall wait three months and try again — they must have their reasons for not releasing me. Thats all I have to say.

EIGHTH ANSWER:— **Inmate age 31, Serving 3 years:** I have not very much to say regarding this question. From the rumors that one hears and the write-ups that appear in the papers and periodicals, my suggestion would probably be placed in the proverbial File 13. Why cannot a four or five-man panel be set up as a Parole Board whereby all those of the parole catgeory would appear after serving two thirds of their respective sentences. Personal contact and conversation means a great deal to all parties concerned. Just why am I telling you this? When all we get is promises, maybe thats why the penitentiaries have so many repeaters. I had better not say more because my temperament will not permit it. My present sentence is very close to an end, so why get upset?

NINTH ANSWER:— **Inmate age 24, Serving 7 years:** My feelings are rather strong on this subject. I think that everyone should be eligible for a six-months probationary period. (This in the case of a man doing two years — instead of serving nineteen months and eight days, he would be paroled in thirteen months and eight days, approximately). This way for the six months he would be working, earning his own way but still under the supervision of a parole officer. This supervised parole would tend to encourage steady work habits in the parolee

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Oliver Herford and a famous military man were joint guests at a banquet. The Hostess suddenly announced, "Mr. Herford will now improvise a poem in honour of the occasion."

Herford, a modest and retiring man, shrivelled in his chair. "Oh no," he protested, "Have the general fire a cannon."

*** *** ***

Death affects people in varying ways. Most stoical on record is old Lord Higginbottom, who was reading the London Times in his club, when a friend remarked, "Understand you buried your wife this morning." "Had to, old chap," drawled Lord H., "She was dead y'know."

*** *** ***

A modest lady author was persuaded to visit a nudist colony. A member, noticing that she was fully clothed, inquired, "Are you one of us?" "Oh no," the novelist assured her, "I'm only aghost."

A bishop of Texas visited London and was taken to fashionable soiree at which the ladies' dresses were cut very low. His hostess asked condescendingly if he had ever beheld such a sight. "Not," said the bishop, "since I was weaned."

*** *** ***

Cardinal Hinsley liked to tell the story of two brothers who studied for the ministry. One was a little too flippant and whimsical to reach the heights; the other, a pompous and heavy handed party, became a bishop in due course. "My brother," the whimsical one explained, "rose because of his gravity; I was held down because of my levity."

*** *** ***

An agent delivered a check from his insurance company to the widow of a deceased client. She was apparently inconsolable, and had been weeping three days without stopping. A glance at the amount of the check — it was for \$50,000 — stilled her tears. "You may not believe it," she told the agent tearfully, "but I'd give \$20,000 of this to have him back."

*** *** ***

A regiment resting up on an undisclosed spot on foreign soil, fell to debating noisily over which smelled worse: a goat or a local peasant. Considerable sums were wagered on the vital question and an agreeable colonel was made judge and stake-holder. First a goat was brought into the tent. The colonel fainted. The men who had bet on the goat reached for the money. Somebody brought in the peasant — and the goat fainted.

A WORD TO THE WISE

A Civilization is judged by it's prisons.

Collin's Bay Penitentiary Administration

COLONEL VICTOR S.J. RICHMOND.....	Warden and Senior Officer
DAVID M. McLEAN	Deputy Warden
HERBERT FIELD.....	Chief Keeper
FRED SMITH.....	Principal Keeper
WILLIAM DOWNTON.....	Chief Vocational Officer
EDWARD OGILVIE.....	Chief Trade Instructor
HAYDN MINTON.....	Chief Accountant
HAAKON HAMNES.....	Chief Engineer
FREDERICK HARRIS.....	Warden's Secretary
CHRISTOPHER MacLEOD.....	Chief Steward
HOWARD PUTNAM	Storekeeper
CLARENCE HOGEBOOM.....	Supervisor, School and Library Dept.
FELIX McALLISTER.....	Schoolteacher
HARRY MALBUT	Deputy Warden's Secretary
JAMES DONALDSON.....	Censor
JAMES EDMUND.....	Physical Training Instructor
REVEREND CANON MINTO SWAN, M.A., B.D., E.D.....	Protestant Chaplain
REVEREND FELIX M. DEVINE, S.J.....	Roman Catholic Chaplain

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JAMES A. McLAUGHLIN	Assistant Commissioner
NEIL R. MacLEAN, C.A.	Assistant Commissioner

NOTABLE NOTATION

Every man is the maker of his own fortune. Anon.

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TO:—

SUPPORT THE PARENT'S ACTION LEAGUE

THE MEN THAT DON'T FIT IN

There's a race of men that don't fit in,
A race that can't stay still;
So they break the hearts of kith and kin,
And they roam the world at will.
They range the field and they rove the flood,
And they climb the mountain's crest;
Theirs is the curse of the gipsy blood,
And they don't know how to rest.

Robert W. Service

NOTICE

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